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MEMORIAL

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Memorial.

A Memorial

OF THE

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE SETTLEMENT OF

REV. A. C. THOMPSON, D. D.

PASTOR OF THE ELIOT CHURCH.

RIVERSIDE PRESS:
Printed for the Eliot Congregation.
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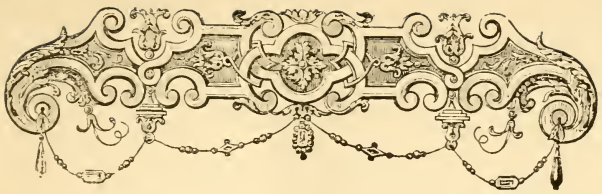

PRELIMINARIES TO THE ANNIVERSARY.

AT the close of the usual weekly prayer-meeting of the Eliot Church, June 21, 1867, it was

"*Voted*, That in our judgment it is expedient that proper notice be taken of the twenty-fifth anniversary of our pastor's settlement, and that the officers of the church be a committee, with full powers, in connection with a committee of the society, if such shall be appointed, to carry into effect the proposed celebration."

The society soon after appointed a committee to act in connection with that of the church. This joint committee issued an invitation by circular to all former members, and all absent members of the church and society, so far as their residences could be ascertained.

In reply, many letters accepting the invitation, and many expressing regrets at inability to be present, and a gratifying interest in the church as well as pastor, were received.

Preliminary Prayer-meeting.

CHURCH PRAYER-MEETING.

AT the stated meeting of the church for conference and prayer, on the evening of Friday, July 19th, immediately preceding the anniversary, the Pastor spoke at three different times as follows: —

It will not be deemed inappropriate to refer to an approaching anniversary. The church and society have taken steps with reference to public exercises.

The chief thought now is — Has Christ, the adorable Head, been duly honored here the last twenty-five years? Will He receive due honor on the occasion contemplated? My friends, "What think ye? Will He be at the feast?" If not, better have no gathering, public or private. What suitable satisfaction could there be to any disciple, to any servant of his, if He be not all in all? The church is for Him, the pastorate is for Him.

The true idea of such an observance is an anniversary of the grace of God. That being duly apprehended and prayerfully acted on, we shall be blest, and the Master will be pleased. We do well to keep it distinctly before us that it was in the providence of Him whom we adore as Head of the Church, that this relation of pastor and people came to be entered into. The ministerial office itself is of the

Lord, and for his honor, in the furtherance of his cause. As Shepherd and Bishop of souls, He has kept his eye and his good hand upon us. To the flock and to the under-shepherd He has supplied needful grace — a vast outlay of care and kindness.

This truth also should have prominence, that a church is not for the pastor, but the pastor for them. A degree of conspicuousness on such an occasion is perhaps unavoidable; yet while the pastor is one of two parties particularly concerned, he is only one of the many individuals concerned.

What do we all most need? The Saviour's benediction. Many invitations to absent friends have been issued; shall we now unitedly make out a special invitation to our Lord that He will come, and speak to us saying, "Peace be unto you?"

The history of this Friday evening Church Prayer-meeting for a quarter of a century would be one of interest. The manuscript volume in my hand contains sketches of the Young Men's and the Young Ladies' Prayer-meetings for the last year alone, indeed, for only a part of that year. It was prepared by a brother and sister at my request. The former of these meetings was established chiefly through the agency of Mr. Henry Martyn Hill, who was also always punctual at this church gathering. He died in April, 1856, at the age of 34. The other of those two prayer-meetings was commenced in January, 1848. I would like to refer, if there were time, to yet other similar meetings, stated and occasional; particularly to those of the Maternal Association.

This weekly assemblage of church members, is, however,

the common centre of devotional life. Here is the church's pulse, and index to the church's spiritual health. Referring to this stated gathering for fraternal conference, with prayer and praise, one of our former members,[1] now in a foreign country, writes: "There often occurs to my mind the many pleasant hours I have spent in sweet communion with my God, and in fellowship with my Christian friends within the walls of the Eliot Church. Should it never be my privilege to meet with you all again, I hope we shall meet where there are no more seas nor mountains to intervene, no parting of friends, but in that society the most pure, perfect, and lovely, whose glory is only surpassed by that of Him that sitteth upon the throne, who shall lead us to living fountains of waters, and where God shall wipe away all tears from the eyes."

It was with a measure of sadness that we took leave, three years ago, of our old Lecture Room. The place had long been hallowed. It was fragrant with the memories of good men and women. We loved them; we love them still. We were profited by exhortations to which we then listened; we enjoyed uniting with them in prayer. What are the places on earth which those friends who have gone hence now remember with most interest?

Among the deceased who used to be present regularly and take an active part, was our brother, Mr. Richard Bond. It is not affirmed that he was a faultless man; but we all believe him to have been a Christian man. His religious convictions, like all his opinions, were firmly held. In regard to the doctrines of grace his views were unusually clear, comprehensive, and Scriptural. With the organization

[1] Miss Olive Fletcher.

of this church, with its early and outward history, he was identified. Death translated him [1] to the house with many manions, built by the Architect of infinite wisdom; and where, as the father of six ransomed children, children of this church, he is no longer childless.

Another was that beloved man, the impersonation of meekness and conscientiousness, Deacon James Clap.[2] Truly devout was he, deeply taught of God. Never backward, never forward to take part, his very presence was a summons to seriousness and humility. Pleasant as is our recollection of him amidst his quiet Christian activity, yet nothing in his life is so memorable as the manner of his leaving it. What months of pain were appointed him! He was "in deaths oft;" yes, in a three years' death-struggle. If called upon to select, out of the wide circle of acquaintance, a man who from boyhood up had been blameless, of scrupulous integrity, guileless and devout, would our thoughts turn to any one sooner than to him? Yet with what peculiar eminence of beauty did the Christian virtues shine forth in the furnace of his affliction! Will not the conviction of all who knew him bear me out in the remark that the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ is seldom seen in a more beautifully balanced and sustained spirituality? Unquestioned and mature as was the piety of our brother and father in previous years, still did he not appear in this last ordeal to be refined as silver is refined? The highest attainment which any one can make is to be cheerfully submissive to the will of God; and that attainment was conspicuously his. Those sufferings, God's fan and sieve, left no visible chaff behind. And what was it that made him the happy man who could glory in tribula-

[1] August, 1861. [2] Died March, 1860.

tions? It was not philosophy, not the mere consciousness of rectitude. It was the felt presence of our blessed Comforter; it was his sealed union with the Lord Jesus.

Yet another was the Rev. David Greene, decided, earnest, intent upon the advancement of the church's spiritual interests. His beloved wife too, Mary Evarts, was there whenever it might be; discreet, devout, faithful woman! My first Sabbath in Roxbury was spent under their roof.

I am reminded that during this period twenty-four ministers have been connected with our congregation. Two of them — each over 80 — died the same year. How many now sleep in Jesus! How many elders are singing the song of Moses and of the Lamb!

"Thou carriest them away as with a flood." Hardly anything more impresses me in looking back than the changes that have taken place. Of those who were members of this church at the time of my settlement, only 22 still remain and worship with us.

Looking at Boston and the circle of six towns or cities immediately adjoining, it is painful to find what a record there is not only of similar individual changes, but of ecclesiastical changes, since July, 1842. On that area 70 pastors have been installed; the number of removals is 65 (two only by death while in office); making 135 changes in pastoral connections — the churches having been only 23 then, 34 now. It is often remarked, churches live; pastors die, or are dismissed. Yet during these twenty-five years, though 22 churches have been organized, 13 have ceased to exist, besides one other which is practically dead.

The Sabbath-school.

ELIOT SABBATH-SCHOOL.

THE following remarks and reminiscences were prepared by the pastor, for the session of the Sabbath-school, on the morning of Sunday, the 21st of July.

It is quite natural that, in a review of twenty-five years, my heart and thoughts should find their way here. My first public introduction in Roxbury was to this school, on the first Sabbath morning of June, 1842.

But for familiarity with the spectacle, one could not fail to be deeply impressed in looking at such a group of young persons, though meeting only once for the study of God's Word; much more when contemplating the fact of a regular weekly gathering for that purpose; how much more still in view of this continuing for a quarter of a century. It is a Bible School which meets here. The Holy Scriptures are the text-book; and looking at that volume as one among the thousand, thousand books in our world, how surpassingly wonderful is its character and history! It is the oldest in existence, the Pentateuch probably antedating any other extant production by centuries. The period of its composition, fifteen hundred years, is wholly without parallel. It was the first book ever printed.[1] More copies

[1] About A. D. 1450.

are now produced than of any other, 5,000 societies being at present devoted to manufacturing and circulating the Bible. It has been translated into 200 languages. What other production can at this hour boast of anything like 50,000,000 of copies? It is now, and always has been, read oftener, and by more persons, as well as more frequently quoted or referred to than any other book.

Turning to its origin and contents, we find this to be the only volume of which God is the author; that it gives the earliest and most important history, the most valuable biographies, the sublimest, sweetest poetry, and the only genuine prophecies.

Contemplating its influence, we are reminded that the Bible has occasioned other books in far greater numbers than any volume that can be named. It has stirred up countless foes; for more pens have written, and more tongues have spoken against it than against any other. Long ago would the Holy Scriptures have been driven out of the world if that could have been done by learning, industry, skill, and malice.

The Bible has moreover had the largest number of firm friends, thousands upon thousands having died as martyrs to its truth and its unspeakable worth. It has had a more powerful influence on individual minds, and communities, yes, has accomplished more good than all books besides. With the Holy Spirit's blessing it enlightens and saves the soul from the punishment and the power of sin. Such is the book you are engaged in studying.

Now during the period referred to, how many have as pupils been here associated in this delightful occupation? Marshal them into a procession; appoint tellers to

count the happy throng. You find the total to be considerably over 3,000. Deducting those who are at present in these classes,[1] there remain three regiments, each one thousand strong, who have been mustered out of our army. Where are they? Scattered all over our land. Several are in the great Valley of the Mississippi; some on the Pacific Coast; and a few in Australia, India, China, and other countries. They all bear traces of an influence received here. Probably every one of them is to-day a better man or woman for studying the Bible in this school. Many of them have become teachers in our little sacred seminary, and in others similar to it; quite a number have become officers and influential members in churches elsewhere. Ten have entered the gospel ministry, and an equal number have become the wives of ministers, three of whom are foreign missionaries. Two hundred of the pupils have been received to our church on profession of faith.[2] It is not affirmed that all, — it is not affirmed that any of them became disciples of Christ in consequence of attending upon this particular means of grace. Where there are concurrent religious agencies and influences, it is neither easy nor needful to determine the proportion due to each in any given result. There is often a liability of crediting to some one of them an exaggerated if not exclusive importance. To the Christian family, the pulpit, and Sabbath-school are to be attributed the larger part of spiritual results witnessed in any community like ours. Neither of these should be dispensed with; each should beware of arrogating more than its appropriate share. It is quite safe to say that the hope-

1 366.

2 During the last twenty-five years 171 minors have been so admitted, of whom 48 were fifteen years old or under, and 7 were twelve or under

ful conversion of those two hundred scholars was, with respect to most of them, due in part, and with respect to not a few of them due chiefly to the influence of this school. Well was it said by John Eliot, for whom our church and school were named — and among present members are some of his lineal descendants — "I do see that it was a great favor unto me to season my first years with fear of God, the Word, and prayer." Many there are and have been here who could say the same. How the heart glows at the remembrance of dear youthful disciples. What new born hopes, what high resolves in the strength of God were theirs! The Abrahamic covenant has been honored among them. Of those young friends now referred to, thirty-six were baptized in infancy by the present pastor; others had been set apart to God in the same rite elsewhere.

The question was just raised in regard to the three thousand and more who during the last quarter of a century have been but are not now with us. Where are they? Some are elsewhere than this world. Forty of them died while members of the school; many others have died since the removal of their residence from this city.

The first funeral of a pupil attended by myself, was in 1845, that of a German girl[1] whose plain features death rendered truly beautiful; and whose soul the grace of God rendered yet more attractive. Soon after another,[2] in all the patience of hope and quiet assurance of one leaning composedly on the arm of the Beloved, was taken. Years rolled on, and another from the same Bible class,[3] an only

[1] Elizabeth Kuhn.

[2] Lucy Noyes, July 1845.

[3] That of Hon. Saml. H. Walley; Ann Bell, 1858.

child, went through the valley. The same day, just two years previous, she publicly professed her faith in Him who is the resurrection and the life. Her testimony was that she had not the shadow of hope except through Christ; that the thought of Him was sweet to her, that the companionship of Christians was her delight; that the Bible was the choicest of books to her, that daily prayer was her practice and pleasure. The last time it was my privilege to see her, she spoke with an almost unearthly calmness, and yet with more than usual animation of going to live elsewhere. As the first rays of daylight began to brighten our firmament, amidst the solemn stillness of that hallowed dawn, broken only by the sweet matins of May birds, she awoke, as we believe, amidst the glories of New Jerusalem.

Time forbids that we dwell on one who left us so suddenly the year previous;[1] on another[2] who after a twelvemonth left with equal suddenness; or on the spoils made by 1861 and 1862[3] from the same lovely and beautiful group.

Another was buried eight years ago the coming month.[4] Great gentleness, amiability and tender affection were hers. Her course of public education was just finished, and her plans for active life formed. She was not reared for the world; she did not live to herself. Her sickness of many weeks was one of unmurmuring Christian endurance. Unselfish, she seemed uniformly to be seeking the happiness of others. Among her last utterances was, "O mother, I do pray that my sickness may be blest to somebody."

1 Julia Davenport, June 28, 1858.

2 Caroline A. Street, Nov. 21, 1859.

3 Hattie E. Cross, March 27, 1861; Catherine Hastings, Dec. 19, 1861; Catherine A. Rising Aug. 21, 1861.

4 Lucy S. Waterman, died Aug. 26, 1859.

On a Sabbath in January, 1865, one of your number was buried,[1] her age being 18. The day that she died, standing by her bed, I repeated the Twenty-third Psalm; when she opened her eyes, and said, "That's my Psalm." It was her favorite; she had often asked during sickness to have it repeated to her. Her trust in Christ appeared to be calm and firm. It seemed to take away all fear of dying, and to make her sweetly composed and cheerful.

Her last request for reading was that she might hear the account of our Saviour's crucifixion from the Bible. It was read to her; and after a few words about his sufferings, she repeated clearly

> "Jesus, I love thy charming name,
> 'Tis music to mine ear;
> Fain would I sound it out so loud
> That heaven and earth should hear."

On the character of Miss Susan Maria Underwood, I need not dwell; a printed memorial of her entitled, "Following after Jesus," is before you.[2] Nor will I refer particularly to any of the dear friends whose names are mentioned in the Memorial Volume of this School, which nine years ago was published on the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary.

Among the deceased of our number are young men also. Two of them, for instance, were brothers.[3] As to health of body they fainted and were weary; but they waited upon the Lord and renewed their strength; they mounted up with wings as eagles.

[1] Carrie M. Sawyer.

[2] By Mrs. Eliza H. Anderson; Amer. Tract Society, Boston.

[3] Mr. Henry Holman, died Sept. 30, 1856; Mr. Warren Q. Holman, died Apr. 19, 1863.

December of 1858 took one of our youths, an only son, of high promise, just after he had began his college course.[1]

Seldom are such sweet resignation and sanctified amiability exhibited as by our young brother, whose remains were laid away amidst the falling foliage of 1861.[2] It was amidst the freshness and beauty of opening foliage in 1865 that another in the spring-time of life, bade us good-by.[3] For weeks it required an effort on his part to refrain from impatience to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.

Many a sad breach in our ranks has there been made. Deep has been the bereavement to friends. But shall we call it wholly *loss?* Does any one silently say, "To what purpose is this waste?" That is the inquiry of unbelief. To whom did those dear ones belong? for whom were they reared? Nearly all of them we have reason to believe, were sons and daughters of the Most High. Were those morning years of life, with the painstaking and affection expended a waste? Shall we talk as if we had lost them? Is anything too precious for the Master? Shall the alabaster box be spared, the costly spikenard be withheld, when *He* comes?

Young lads have been cut short in their earthly course. Eighteen hundred forty-five took one;[4] 1846 another, an only son;[5] 1847 still another;[6] and thus onward has it been. Peculiarly conscientious and lovely was the last one of those, in tender youth, whom less than a year since our Father summoned hence.[7]

1 D. Jarvis Hastings, Æ. 18.
2 Edward N. Huntington.
3 Wm. H. H. Porter, May 5, Æ. 18.
4 William J. Colby.
5 Theodore S. Beecher.
6 Nathan Basford.
7 George D. Tappan, Nov. 1866.

Little girls likewise might be spoken of. I will mention only one, Caroline,[1] six years old, who died of scarlet fever. After attending her funeral, on a Sabbath, I went to the Infant Class, and inquired where she used to sit. Two acquaintances of hers moved apart, saying, "Right here." One of them told me that the last words which Caroline uttered — joining with her older sister in singing — were, "I want to be an angel." Shortly before breathing her last, she tried to explain to her deaf mute father that she was going to a better home; but in the midst of spelling out "Beautiful house," with her fingers, her little hand fell pulseless on the pillow. The last of these young daughters to leave us was also an unusually truthful and dutiful child.

The whole number of teachers connected with the school during the period under review is 305. Some of those beloved and devoted friends have also been called away, and have left circles of young mourners behind them. Going back three years to the middle of March, 1864, we take leave of a beloved sister, to whose fidelity with her pupils all bore witness.[3] Retracing our steps two years more, we find ourselves beside a casket on which we read, "Jacob H. Howell, Æ. 29 yrs. 8 mos." There lay the remains of a young man whose sincerity, whose noble, well balanced character won universal affection and respect.

I may allude more at large to one who, eight years ago this time, was sinking calmly, yes, cheerfully to the grave.[4]

[1] Caroline Lynde, Dec. 1860.

[2] Mary Rust, Oct. 16, 1865, Æ. 9.

[3] Mrs. Maria Goss.

[4] Mrs. Marianne M. Dickenson, died Oct. 6, 1859.

She was a quiet, persevering, straight-forward Christian. It was the remarkable testimony of friends most intimate with her, that they had never known her say anything to the disparagement of another, nor utter or do what would wound the feelings of another. In her last sickness she remarked to me: "I have had but little comparatively of doubt. I know in whom I have believed. I am perfectly reconciled to dying; scarcely one dark cloud arises; Christ is all my hope." In reply to the question, "What is now the prevalent state of your feelings?" she more than once replied,

"Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

Pointing to these words, "We would see Jesus," she remarked, "This is my favorite text," at the same time placing her emaciated finger on the stanza:

"'We would see Jesus,' the great rock foundation,
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Shall thence remove us if we see his face."

More recently her husband, also for some years a teacher, has been removed.[1]

It is not, however, at the dear children and youths alone, nor their teachers, that Death has levelled his shafts. One of the seven who have been Superintendents[2] is among

[1] Joseph S. Dickenson, Oct. 1866.

[2]

	Elected.	*Resigned.*
Alvah Kittredge	July, 1834	July, 1859.
Samuel W. Hall	July, 1859	July, 1860.
Sylvester Bliss	July, 1860,	died March 6, 1863.
Charles F. Bray	April 1, 1863	July, 1865.
Thomas Chamberlain	April 16, 1865	Sept. 1865.
William H. Brackett	Sept. 11, 1865	Dec. 1866.
Edward A. Lawrence	Dec. 10, 1866.	

the deceased. After being ten years a teacher, our friend stood for three years at the head of the school. He brought to his post hearty interest in the cause, executive talent, and a well sustained perseverance. Never petulant nor dictatorial, he was independent and decided. He could direct without domineering, and, without being revolutionary, was earnest for improvement. Many were the calls he made in connection with official labors, and many the hours of thorough preparation for weekly duties, and for the Monthly Concert. He was an earnest student of Holy Scripture, no one perhaps in the congregation being better acquainted with the Bible, particularly the Old Testament.

The last time that I saw him in his sick room, he was too great a sufferer to converse much, or even to pray long connectedly. He told me he could only repeat,

> "Just as I am, without one plea,
> But that thy blood was shed for me,
> And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
> O Lamb of God, I come!"

Who in the school does not think of New Jerusalem as the more inviting since that friend was added to the great congregation there?

It would not accord with truth if I should represent the history of this school as without exception bright. More than one dark chapter might be given. Duty requires that I bring forward at least a single specimen. One of our lads, the son of pious parents, was found to be exceedingly ready to yield to temptation. He would repeat his prayers morning and evening, would make good resolutions; but evil-minded companions could easily draw him into wrong doing. One Saturday morning, after his mother had charged

him to go directly to school, and after making fair promises, he met two boys of his own age who proposed that he should play truant. He declined for a while, but then yielded, and went with them to Smith's pond for a play. He fell into the water, became entangled in the bushes, and was drowned. The agonized mother, on hearing what had taken place, exclaimed, "Where is Willie? He died in the act of disobedience!" For more than twenty years has that event been preaching to us; to-day do I earnestly repeat in the ear of every lad present, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

"One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh." Of those who were teachers and pupils twenty-five years ago, not an individual is at present in the school. The only two that have remained are the first superintendent now in charge of a class, and the friend who at this time addresses you. Every pastor, by virtue of his office, stands in a most intimate relation to the home Sabbath-school. He is in acknowledged theory, its head. By formal and recorded action this church pronounces him such.[1]

[1] The church adopted, August, 1859, the following declaration of views submitted by a committee who had been appointed to report on the relations of the church and Sabbath-school; said committee consisting of the following brethren, — Sylvester Bliss, C. Hulbert, E. W. Bumstead, D. M. Mitchell, Benj. Perkins.

"1. The mutual relation of the church and school is analogous to that of parent and child, and the church is entitled to the supervision of the school, and to the final decision of all questions affecting its interests — the pastor being ex-officio its recognized head.

"2. The teachers of the school being an integral part of the church, and more familiar than other members with its necessities and workings, are better able to advise respecting it; and in courtesy to those who devote

Not a few of the happiest half hours of the quarter century just closed have been spent in silent visits here, in occasional addresses, and in calls upon individual classes. During absences I have found much satisfaction in sending now and then a letter to you. The chief thought of your pastor has been, this should be a training school for Christ and for heaven. Prayer, hope, and labor have had that constantly in view. The same will remain while our connection remains.

At my first visit to this school I mentioned an incident which I will now repeat again. The pastor of my own childhood gave it to me. One summer's day his little son remained high up in a barn, after the men, who had discharged a load of hay, left the building. All was still. The lad found there was no way to get down, — no stairs,

their time to instruct the children of the church, the general management of the school should be intrusted to them, subject to the church's control and supervision."

At the date above referred to, and on recommendation of the same committee, the church also adopted the following Rules in relation to their Sabbath-school; a change as to the month in Rule First having since been made.

"1. The officers of the school shall consist of a Superintendent, Secretary, Treasurer, and Librarian, who shall be chosen annually in the month of July, except when an election is necessary to fill a vacancy; the 20th July being the beginning of their official year.

"2. The appointment of the Superintendent shall be by nomination on the part of the teachers, and ratification on the part of the church, by yea and nay ballot; the remaining officers being elected by the teachers.

"3. The Superintendent shall make a report annually to the church, at the annual meeting of the same, on the condition and statistics of the school, embracing a list of its teachers.

"4. The teachers are recommended to meet monthly or oftener, for prayer and consultation respecting the interests of the school.

ladder, or rope. He became alarmed. He had done wrong in going and in staying there. He clung to a cross beam over the floor, but durst not let go, for he felt sure of being dashed to pieces. Providentially his father came in just then. Seeing his little boy, he hastened forward and said, "Let go, Charles." But it looked a great way down, even to his father's arms. Yet what could he do? He could not get back to where he had been. One hand had already given out. He was hanging by the other only, and must drop somewhere soon. "Let go, my son," said the anxious parent again, "I will certainly catch you." He let go, and was safe in his father's arms.

Children and all are in such a situation that they cannot put themselves back into the favor of God or into Paradise. But here stands the Saviour with outstretched arms; and drop we must, either at his bidding, into safety, or else willfully into destruction.

For twenty-five years it has been my privilege to urge imperilled sinners to let go their hold on everything else, and commit themselves to the arms of Jesus. Once more and evermore would I entreat you, my dear young friends, to yield yourselves obediently, lovingly, wholly, and at once, to your only, your waiting Saviour.

Commemorative Sermon.

JULY 21, 1867.

SERMON.

"Not for that we have dominion over your faith, but are helpers of your joy."—2 *Cor.* i. 24.

CHRISTIANITY is the religion of joy, the only one which gives rational, adequate, and abiding joy. Mohammedanism is always stern and stoical; often severe and truculent, having no place for the nicer sensibilities and purer pleasures of an ingenuous heart. Most forms of heathenism provide for occasional seasons of rude hilarity, of frenzied exhilaration, but the end of that passionate and demoralizing mirth is a deeper heaviness.

In the passage before us the apostle refers to joy that is distinctively Christian, joy known only to those who believe on our Lord Jesus Christ, who are brought into vital union with Him the only Mediator, and into friendly communication with the Author of all holiness and blessedness. To such, God becomes the chief portion; there springs up an acquiescence, a delight in what He is, what He does, what He says. It comes to be seen that nothing is a calamity but what separates from Him, and nothing a real favor that does not help to bring Him near. It is

discovered that no sufficient comfort can be had from anything, nor the heart permanently pleased with anything that dishonors Him; that man must be reconciled to Him, and must act for Him, or remain unsatisfied.

Outward circumstances have little to do with this joy. Being a fruit of the Holy Spirit, and arising from a rectified view of God as Sovereign and Father, of God manifest in the flesh as Mediator and elder brother, it is independent of things seen and temporal. Our Lord pronounces no beatitude relating to external condition; his eye is on the heart. If riches could bring happiness, then should Abimelech have been as blessed a man as Abraham; if rank were the chief requisite, then should Saul have been a no less contented monarch than David; if visible discipleship were all, why did Judas, and not John, commit suicide?

"Helpers of your joy." The ministerial office is designed to secure joy to a people. If that do not follow, the ministry is, in some measure at least, a failure. If men do not come to be at one with God, if Christian graces are not brightened, if a degree of zeal in active benevolence be not awakened, if comfortable assurance of justification through the merits of Christ find no place in the hearts of a people, then does one great object of the incarnation, and of the church with her ordinances, lack fulfillment. If not helpers of joy, ministers will be helpers of sorrow, their presence becoming a savor of death unto death.

What now was the great theme which made apostolic

lips glow, and the hearts of their believing hearers burn? Was it not Christ and Him crucified? Was it not the mysteries and glories of his person, as Theanthropos, God manifest in the flesh, the eternal, supreme, creative One become man, — truly, humbly, tenderly, permanently man, a man of sorrows; one possessing an incomparable character, uniting with perfect balance all that is gentle in woman, and all that is commanding in man; one with an incomparable experience, bringing the purity and dignity of heaven into the lowest and most effective humiliation of earth? Was not the burden of their discourse the priesthood of Jesus Christ, — its peculiar, exclusive power to save men from sin, Satan, and hell; to bring them from the domain of enmity, terror, and guilt, into the kingdom of holiness, peace, and everlasting friendship with God? Such is the sum of the gospel; such, with the resulting duties, is all that any one need know or do, in order to attain perfect blessedness. Thus to preach Christ is to open the golden conduit of joy to men's hearts, if they will but believe.

With a view to have ministerial labor in its several branches performed here, this church and society twenty-five years ago invited a young man to settle with them as pastor, and in the latter part of July ordination took place. Since then this sacred desk has the larger part of the time been occupied by him. There is the chief department of pastoral duty, the preaching of God's Word, preaching Christ; and there the main auxiliary to that joy of which the apostle speaks. I appeal to you in

whose ear Christ's name is music ; I appeal to those who have here fallen asleep in Him, if the frequent mention of Immanuel, the Lamb of God, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, has not uniformly brought a thrill of joy to your bosoms ; if the evening of our meditation preparatory to the sacred supper, has not been a hallowed one ; if at his table Christ has not been known to us in breaking of bread, if He has not raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places ?

During this period absences from the pulpit, — vacations included, — owing to failure of health and other causes, amount to about five years. Just one thousand written sermons have been preached ; while more than sixteen hundred verses of Holy Scripture have been the subject of discourse. That no mistakes in interpretation, no failure to bring out the rich treasure of those passages have occurred, it would be the sheerest arrogance to assert. Equally unwarrantable affectation would it be to distrust evidences of resulting joy on your part. If marked serious attention, if frequent tears, if a certain unmistakable expression of countenance give proof of hallowed pleasure, then has the preacher been a helper of your joy. Not a few of the congregation during temporary absence, not a few of those removing permanently from us, have in letters from the far West, as well as intermediate points, from the British Provinces, from England, Scotland, and lands yet more remote, given utterance to devout satisfaction that they once occupied seats in this house. Time would almost fail to repeat

personal expressions of gratification, — a portion of which certainly were not designed to be complimentary alone, — in view of spiritual benefit here received. You remember the venerable old man who used to come up the west aisle, his hoary head borne erect in unostentatious, commanding dignity, and whose noble countenance, during the hour of worship, shone as it had been the face of an angel. It was with some surprise that, not many months after ordination, I first heard that patriarch speak of being comforted and edified by the ministrations of the sanctuary. A comparatively youthful pastor in his presence would naturally feel as if he should take the place of pupil at his feet. In one instance, when he had been long prostrated by a sickness from which there was for some time no hope of recovery, as I was sitting by his bedside, after convalescence had begun, he said, — and exaggeration was not his habit, — "If it should please God to spare me, and raise me up, and permit me to go to his house, I would give more to hear a gospel sermon than for ten thousand worlds." Is it too much to affirm that hundreds have here drawn and drank water with joy out of the wells of salvation?

Among such, surely, was one who, in those early years, occupied an adjoining pew. Excellent listener was he. Deeply reverent, always serious, yet always cheerful; one ready for every official or providential call upon him. How constantly and punctually was he in his place here, and at church meetings! His horse even would come without a driver. If any one loved the Word and wor-

ship of God was it not that man? He fed thereon with great and sustained delight. Who that knew him, did not feel attachment and respect for the only office-bearer of this church yet deceased?[1]

Let me refer to one more of those who worshipped here in former years, one less demonstrative, — John Heath, a quiet man, a conscientious man, a diffident man, a man of few words, but one who loved the Word and ordinances of God with his whole heart. His secret supplications rose daily to heaven before the sun was up, — he always breakfasted before daylight; with much strictness did he keep the Sabbath-day holy; firmly was he settled in his belief and love of all the doctrines peculiar to evangelical Christianity. The avenue on which he lived having become a thoroughfare, the din of business and of travel drove him to the inviting shades of a neighboring town. Still, how regularly and seasonably was he in his place here at every Sabbath service; till, one New Year's Sabbath morning, in the midst of preparations to come hither for worship, the man who had never called a physician during his life, was instantly summoned to the general assembly and church of the first-born in heaven.[2]

Such are specimen hearers. During the period now under review there have been about one thousand families connected with us, besides hundreds of individuals not belonging to those households. Eight church edifices,

[1] Dea. Andrew S. March, died at West Roxbury, Dec. 22, 1854

[2] January, 1850.

the size of this, would no more than hold them all. Yet there are not over thirty souls now with us who remember the ordination of 1842. But amidst a ceaseless ebb and flow, the same Sabbath bell has sounded out its joyful invitation: Come hither to a sacred home. Ye wayfarers, come to this Bethel. A welcome to you, strangers, in this banquet-house where are set forth the bounties of heavenly grace. Come to this Tabor, where you shall see Jesus transfigured, and Moses and Elias shall talk with you. Come to this Calvary, where you shall behold a Saviour's body broken, and his blood shed for you. Come, ye weary and heavy laden; you shall find rest. All ye sons and daughters of affliction, come, pour out your hearts. Come, rich and poor. Come man of gray hairs; come youth, in thy freshness. Come, husband and wife; come, father and mother with children beside you. Come, widow in thy loneliness. God your Father bids you come.

Within the quarter of a century, several thousands have heard that joyfully solemn invitation, and Sabbath after Sabbath have turned to this sanctuary, "Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord."

The apostle helped the joy of Corinthian believers by the encouragement he gave to their beneficence. He calls their attention to the matter, thus: "Moreover, brethren, we do you to wit of the grace of God bestowed on the churches of Macedonia; how that, in a great

trial of affliction, the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality;" "Therefore as ye abound in everything, see that ye abound in this grace also."

A preacher who would see the purest and largest happiness among those to whom he ministers, must strive to promote a generous liberality. The way to be miserable, and to make miserable, is to give nothing, and not encourage others to give. If a man wishes to ruin a congregation, to see the general tone of feeling run down, and all things tend to spiritual stagnation, let him be afraid to urge benevolent objects, and to have them urged; let him grow nervous at the sight of a secretary or agent; let him think whether his own salary is likely to be paid. There is deep philosophy underlying the form of appeal used by Italian beggars, "Do good to yourselves."

Now why is this so cheerful a people? Why are there no croakers here? Is it not, my friends, because you have learned the art of shaking off trouble, have learned one of the great secrets of being happy? The amount raised in the congregation for strictly charitable purposes, the amount credited on the books of the church treasurer, during these twenty-five years, is rising of one hundred and four thousand dollars.[1]

This includes none of the sums given to the same objects by individuals privately; none of the sums raised for occasional purposes kindred to the foregoing, and of

[1] $104,499.09.

which opportunities, — thanks to a kind Providence, — there is one arising nearly every month in the year. Nor does this include what was done during and since the war, in answer to patriotic calls, and in aid of the sick and wounded of our army. The average annually of these amounts unaccounted for, in any recorded form, has been no doubt a thousand or more dollars, so that our total may be set down at somewhere between one hundred and four thousand and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

For its own purposes this ecclesiastical society has raised and appropriated to current expenses, and to needed outlays upon this place of worship, over a hundred and thirteen thousand dollars.[1]

One department of Christian effort and of pecuniary outlay by us, is the Eliot City Mission. As far back as 1843 a local Sabbath-school was organized, and an irregular tract distribution begun. The movement reacted upon our church to awaken a yet deeper interest in this home work. The subject engaged occasionally the thoughts of brethren at our stated meetings for prayer; particularly in the year 1850, when it was resolved by this church to employ a laborer who should devote himself specially to Christian efforts among those who lived in the neglect or the involuntary deprivation of the means of grace. Looking at the truancy of children and youth, at the tide of intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, and other immoralities, at the amount of ig-

[1] $113,665.22.

norance and neglect of the Word and ordinances of God, what can those sitting in the high places of religious privilege do, but move, in an associated effort, for the abatement of these evils?

The Lord enlarged our hearts, and his voice was heard bidding us go forth to the work of diffusing light, of reclaiming the vicious, and of winning souls to Jesus. The church moved; and sixteen years ago a discreet, experienced minister of Christ was employed. In June of 1851, an association called "The Eliot City Mission Society" was formed. The first laborer employed,[1] continued with us a few months only; not long after, he went to his rest in heaven. During the next eighteen months a female laborer[2] was sustained, who devoted herself to those parts of the work appropriate to her, and for a short portion of that period, a second ordained missionary.[3] He who is Head over all things to the church, was often appealed to for direction in this movement, and by his providence, there was called to this field that beloved minister who remained with us seven or eight years without interruption, without friction, and in a spirit to gratify the hearts of all.[4] The experienced friend who at present is our co-worker, came among us in September, 1861.[5]

The main departments of effort are as follows: A school in which young persons are taught the use of the

[1] Rev. Levi Smith.
[2] Miss Fenno.
[3] Rev. Mr. Coburn.
[4] Rev. David M. Mitchell.
[5] Mrs. Lucy Marsh, widow of the late Christopher Marsh.

needle, and where an opportunity is also enjoyed for imparting instruction from the Word of God; household visitation, the chief object being to promote the immediate and future spiritual good of all visited, by prayer and religious conversation, Bible and tract distribution, by encouraging attendance upon evangelical preaching and Sabbath-school instruction. There is also a ministration, judiciously managed, to the temporal wants of the more needy among those visited. Further, neighborhood prayer-meetings, held with special reference to those not habitually in attendance upon the means of grace, and a Maternal Association with its stated meetings for prayer and conference.

It should not be forgotten that we have been and still are thus sustaining in the person of our missionary, a temperance agent, and through this instrumentality intemperate persons have been brought back to habits of confirmed sobriety; yea more, brought to sit at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind.

It should also be stated that in many instances good situations in the country have been procured for boys and girls, where their physical wants would be well provided for, and in pious families, who would care for their souls.

One of the more important departments of our City Mission work is the Sabbath-school. The one established in Davis Street flourished and finally outgrew the hall where it was first held. A mission chapel, as you recollect, was built on Mt. Pleasant, and within less than a year the Vine Street Church organized.

I pass to the *existing* mission Sabbath-school, which was organized the first Sabbath of January, 1853, and then numbered ten scholars. Each year almost has witnessed an increase of numbers, a gradually improved deportment, and advance in the acquisition of religious truth. A considerable portion of those now connected with this school have been members for two, three, or more years, showing a more permanent condition, and giving greater promise of improvement in time to come. The original attendance of ten pupils, has risen to an average of three hundred. The infant class is the largest and most important one in our city. Whether there is one more so in the commonwealth I am not able to say. Over a hundred interesting and interested children may you find there, under an efficient and skillful administration. A Sabbath evening service with preaching is also now maintained.

And what are some of the results? In general, and in brief; multitudes of young persons gathered into this sacred seminary, and not a few encouraged to join other such schools; many neglecters of public worship induced to attend upon the ordinances of the gospel; the vicious in some instances reclaimed, and temporal suffering often relieved.

Look, for a moment, a little more in detail at the item of visitation. Since the beginning in 1851, I find full forty thousand Christian calls registered and reported by the City Missionaries. Think of the influences for good, transient and permanent, the cheerfulness, the

comfort, the positive spiritual profit imparted by such a number of such visits.

Rising of nineteen thousand tracts have been distributed; many thousand religious papers given; towards ten thousand loans or gifts of valuable books; and over five hundred Bibles and New Testaments placed in the hands of the destitute.

Temporal aid, it was remarked, has been afforded to the deserving poor; indeed, hundreds of dollars have thus been distributed; none, however, from the treasury of the City Mission, all being from private sources and for that specified purpose.

With respect to garments distributed, an account was not for a long time kept. It is known, however, that during one period of four years, not far short of three thousand were given. In the time that our present missionary has been among us, she has been the almoner of 6,000 articles of clothing, besides those distributed at Christmas festivals.

Among results, one remaining point, which, in importance is paramount to all others, can only be alluded to, for the reason that we know comparatively little, and, from the nature of our work, have not the means of knowing. That there have been genuine conversions, traceable to the influence of this Mission School, as the instrumentality, we have good reasons for believing. How many, we do not undertake to say. Several individuals have united with the Baptist churches in this city, and several with other churches. Some were hopefully con-

verted in their last sickness, and have gone to meet the retributions of eternity. Several backsliders, in attendance upon our mission meetings, have been reclaimed, and restored to the fellowship of their respective communions.

The happy influences of such labors cannot be expressed by figures, nor easily embodied in narrative. If we would know the more important results, we must find how many minds, not likely otherwise to have been reached, have received invaluable ideas and impulses; how many hearts have been moved toward holiness and heaven; we should need to visit the interior of many a dwelling, and many a soul made glad by Christian kindness and fidelity; to count all the emotions of gladness awakened, the multitude of sins covered and prevented. If we would come at results, we should need to picture the gratitude and holy delight of such souls at this moment in glory; we should take the prophet's mantle, and look down the vista of a future harvest from what has been cast into the soil during these years of mission seed-time. Now while engaged yourselves in the good work, especially those who have put forth personal effort in the Mission Sabbath-school, in neighborhood prayer-meetings, and the branch Maternal Association, have you not found a richly remunerative joy?

The second of the two spheres of official labor is pastoral visiting. This affords a minister frequent opportunities for being a helper to the joys of a flock. The number of calls made is fifteen thousand and five

hundred. Of these, however, a portion were not designed to be strictly pastoral,[1] and in many instances persons were not at home.[2] Without dwelling upon imperfections, and without assuming merit, it is due to the grace of God to say, that his Word, in the private ministry now spoken of, has often been employed by Him for spiritual comfort and quickening. This quiet work has had its sphere largely among the downcast, the sick, the infirm, and the bereaved.

Let me remind you of one who may represent the whole class of sad and doubting Christians, — Mrs. Eliza Murry.[3] She had long dwelt beneath the weeping willow. Some of you remember how, with tremulous heart and drooping eye, she suffered sorely under an irresistible disease, suppressing complaints and tears, "which, however, fell inward on the heart." Seldom did she look up hopefully and cheerfully to the broad, blue, glorious sky. She loved her Saviour and her place of worship, but the pastor did not find it easy being a helper of her joy. She was tremblingly timid in appropriating Bible comforts to her wistful, chastened soul. Yet there was a still depth of sanctified peace; it became more and more like a river; till she could at length say to God, "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts do delight my soul."

You will permit a single illustration of another class, — those who sometimes fall into a complaining mood.

[1] 2,218. [2] 3,146. [3] Died Jan. 12, 1854.

I refer to one [1] who had her full share of labor and sorrow ; one not characterized by perfect cheerfulness ; one who now and then seemed a little querulous ; still, was it not more and more her uniform testimony, " Even so Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight ? " For nearly forty of her fourscore years, her walk was a lonely one ; but she had long been going round about Zion, had ascended eighty steps, was on the eighty-first, when at the opening of a new year she all at once found herself on the summit level, the level of that upper temple floor, and was ushered in.

We will not forget that it is Christian joy of which mention is now made ; joy which springs from union and communion with Christ our Lord who came from above, offering Himself — his wonderful work, his teachings, his living presence — to the hearts of men. One great design of his words, — and of a Christian teacher, let it be repeated, — is to make men happy ; happy, too, in no moderate degree, but to bring them within the circle of joy unspeakable ; to withdraw them from the broken cisterns of earth, and lead them to the great unfailing Fountain ; to introduce them to such diet as angels feed upon ; to establish them for time and for eternity on the sunny side of the universe. " Fullness of joy " — it may be found. Though not of earth, it may be had on earth. Though smitten with sin, this is a world in which the presence of Immanuel to the soul may bring tides of holy delight, causing a sacred peace to abide there, and

[1] Mrs. Eleanor V. Ames, died Jan. 1859, æ. 80.

not unfrequently to flood the heart with joy the purest and highest that can be named.

Hundreds, hundreds of times have I witnessed that; witnessed it on the part of those in health and in sickness, those not advanced and those far advanced in years; those with no thought of immediate death, and those with one foot already in the cold stream. To the unreflecting such an experience would seem least probable in the midst of bodily suffering; yet in point of fact it is no unusual thing then. For instance, nine years ago there was a sister [1] of this church who, during the later days of life, appeared to glory in tribulations. The last time I saw her, she could articulate only with difficulty, a word or two at a time, between paroxysms of distress. Those few seconds were spent, not in complaining, but in exclamations like these: "I would not have it otherwise — God is good — He is good — Christ is precious."

Will you accompany me to a little upper room, where a servant girl from across the ocean is sinking in consumption? This verse has been the support of her soul: "Yea, when my flesh and my heart faileth, God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever." Deep distress and perfect peace meet in that chamber. Her antepasts of heaven are such as to leave little desire for earthly comforts. "No, I will drink no more," she whispers, as a sister presents something to moisten and cool her parched lips; "No, I will drink no more till I drink at the fountain."

[1] Mrs. Haydn, died Feb. 21, 1858.

Shall we call on our sister, Mrs. Hannah Quincy,[1] just over the line in Boston? We find present Christian patience and unfaltering trust characterizing her long decline. "My sufferings have been greater than tongue can express to you," are her words; "but Jesus has made me willing to wait till the time for my release shall come. I know where I am going. I long to be with Jesus. I have no further preparation to make. I have no doubt whatever in regard to my salvation, and I hope when I next awake, it will not be in this world, but with Christ in heaven." How wonderful the grace that grants such Christian acquiescence, and causes joy to abound amidst pain! Is it not goodness that sends any visitation of distress in which the riches of divine love are discovered? True, suffering does not of itself sanctify, but with God's favor it is the needful furnace; and shall the loss of health or ease be accounted expensive if made the means of thus bringing Christ and heaven into the soul?

Aged and suffering persons have a large claim on the individual ministrations of a pastor. Our holy religion is eminently the one, the only one for such. Is not the Bible filled with precious words, words sweetly soothing, words of singular might to strengthen the fainting heart, to support and even exhilarate the languishing? Have we not numerous psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, divinely suited to those enfeebled by disease or by the weight of years? No one observation during this pas-

[1] Died June 23, 1859.

torate is more strikingly confirmed than that sacred Scripture and sacred lyrics are our Heavenly Father's gifts of special mercy to his suffering sons and daughters.

Let us betake ourselves to a house where for many, many months a widowed mother[1] has been suffering, and is dependent on a son whose religious views differ from her own. You witness intense bodily distress, and yet an expression of Christian cheerfulness on the countenance. Sight is already destroyed, and the disease still pursues its ravages. Portions of Holy Writ are repeated to her ; her soul is filled with heavenly light. To the question " What is now your chief desire ? " her self-forgetting answer is, " The conversion of the world."

We will visit another, who has been blind for four years, and during that time the limbs rigid, and pain almost constant. In no instance, after making a profession of faith, was she able to attend public worship. Surely in such a room sadness, not to say wailing, would be natural. Yes, that would be *nature*, but divine grace is stronger than nature. Call when you may, and as often as you please, you find nothing but Christian peace ; you hear not a sigh nor syllable of complaint. Heavenly cheerfulness reigns there.[2]

None that knew her will ever cease to venerate the one who attained to ninety three-years ; who for a long time was bedridden ; who became a member of Christ's

[1] Mrs. Griggs, Sept. 1848.

[2] Mrs. Sarah L. F. Wiggin died Feb. 22, 1864.

family away back in the last century, and for about fourscore years had been a lovely and esteemed Christian, never complaining of her lot, nor speaking ill of others, — the widow of Rev. Dr. David Porter. It seemed to be the indwelling Spirit of God who kept her faculties bright and her affections lively. Seldom did I see her without hearing the testimony, "God's government is a good government to live under." "Christ is precious to you no doubt," said I to her one day. "I cannot help loving Him," was her answer; "He is the dear, precious Jesus." Such are examples of those whom God has "strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and long suffering with joyfulness."

This review suggests that a joyful people help to make the pastor joyful. Such has been the case here. As a man and a minister, the one now speaking knows what trial is. Alas for him if he did not! Early there was a sickness which debarred him, for a quarter of a year, from the privileges of pulpit labor. At another time a fractured arm did the same for weeks. In two instances failing health, accompanied by much debility, occasioned absences of many months. Owing to the same cause other less extended absences have occurred; while, independent of those seasons, there has been during much of this period an average loss of one day each week, and occasionally a Sabbath-day from nervous headache or from sick headaches. Chrysostom, who suffered in the same way, entertained the opinion that this

was Paul's "thorn in the flesh." Another of the early Fathers, troubled with weakness of the eyes, thought that must have been the thorn. Sympathy with each of those two men would lead me to think both may have been correct. Yet in these forms of discipline there has been no withdrawal of that kindness which maketh all things work together for good to them that love Him.

The ordinary course of official life often brings scenes of sadness, and circumstances that severely try the feelings. A summons at dead of night to a room of distress, and perhaps of death, has occurred repeatedly. There is a measure of violence in the immediate transition from a marriage to a funeral service, or the converse. In one case I went directly from the grave of a pupil[1] to the wedding of her Sabbath-school teacher. Burial of bridegroom or bride has several times followed close upon the interchange of plighted troth. In almost every instance, return after the annual vacation has found a funeral in waiting. Two, three, or more such services in one day, has been no very unusual occurrence.

Often does bereavement come with peculiar suddenness and severity. Six of our young people have perished by drowning, three of them in the ocean. One dear child was killed by a fall, one by the remorseless wheels of a factory, one by the wheels of a locomotive, and one by the hands of a maniac assassin, who at once added suicide to the heart-rending scene.

[1] Harriet A. Holman, Jan. 22, 1857.

The first funeral here was that of a mother[1] leaving ten children, the youngest an infant; afterward came that of a mother[2] leaving twelve children, the youngest also an infant. We have seen a young mother bid farewell to seven children, the eldest but fourteen. We have seen another suddenly called away; and a full week pass before it was deemed prudent for the pastor to communicate such sad intelligence to her husband, so dangerously sick was he, and before it was safe to conduct the funeral service. In another instance an entire household, embracing three generations, were all swept away within a month's time.

One hundred and forty-three funerals of children five years of age and under, have been attended. Many an only son, many an only child has been buried.

During the recent war not less than forty of our number, — ten of them only sons, — were in the service of their country, occasioning no little solicitude to the pastor. We were indeed spared the pain of finding in the congregation any who sympathized with rebellion; but we were *not* spared the grief of obsequies over one and another yielding up life on the battle-field or in the hospital. All such, however, we have reason to believe, had a life hid with Christ in God. You would account that a frigid heart which did not throb and bleed in *such* cases of bereavement, as well as in those less striking.

Never comes a season, spring with its flowers or autumn with its harvest-home, that does not bring losses or dis-

[1] Mrs. Grush. [2] Mrs. David Greene.

appointments to more than one household in the congregation. Dark clouds or a fall of snow chill almost every Thanksgiving Day; and can a pastor shut his eye, or seal up the fountain of sympathy? It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that during these twenty-five years, there has seldom been an hour of waking time, when the thought of some parishioner in suffering has not come to mind. Sickness, funerals, tears, are unfailing images before the eye.

Has then this period been one of gloom? Has the heart known nothing but a weight of sadness? Far otherwise. The habitual presence of these scenes has led to the somewhat frequent presentation of Christ as the mourner's friend, the only One who can effectually sympathize as well as redeem; and has occasioned so many sermons and passing thoughts on the land where the inhabitant shall never say "I am sick;" and where is no place for a tomb or for tears. There has been an unfailing desire that the discipline of the rod in our Heavenly Father's hand might be sanctified. Without arrogating the slightest merit, — shall an earthen vessel boast because permitted to bear the water of life? — I may say that among the richest joys of the pastorate has been that of witnessing sanctified afflictions, and the grace of our Lord abounding amidst distresses. Month by month have instances, often striking, been witnessed of choice fruits resulting from God's severe culture. What ripe clusters have appeared where the knife has been! It would seem as if the chief work of the Great Husband-

man is to prune and train his vines. If anything in the divine administration is settled beyond question, it is that spiritual safety and growth are promoted by trials ; and that uninterrupted *outward* prosperity betokens or endangers reprobation. Not along the rough way, but on the smooth, tempting ice do we slip.

One of the least promising, one of the most mysterious forms of affliction, is that of mental derangement and decay. Peculiarly sad it is to contemplate a disordered or enfeebled mind, though it be only a temporary wreck. To see that divinely curious and delicate mechanism impaired, — a slight disturbance being sufficient to throw the whole out of working order, and make it a self-torturing, if not a self-consuming agent, — affects one as hardly any other spectacle can. Several of our number have been accompanied to those retreats where special resources of the healing art are enjoyed. It seems like burying an immortal being alive. To do this, and then to go, month after month, as if to the door of a tomb, to inquire after the departed, is a crucial test of the living and the well.

Is it not God, however, who sends such visitations ? He who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working knows how not only to make this species of trial turn to the spiritual good of anxious friends, but to that of the patient also. There has been clear evidence that in such cases He does more than simply maintain the hidden life when it existed, — that He still carries on the work of faith ; yes, strange as the paradox may seem, sends an

under-current of holy joy through the troubled sea of mental hallucinations and dark forebodings. Flowers of a delicate hue flourish even within the rim of the boiling springs of Iceland; and so may plants of righteousness and peace flourish in circumstances not less unfavorable. Noticeably was this the case with two or three of our choice young men, now released from earth, and welcomed, we have the best reason to believe, where the intellect knows nothing of cloud or decay. Deeply touching was it to witness their sweet resignation, their lamb-like quietness of soul under a visitation so severe. Sufferings were keen upon the necessitated surrender of studies, and surrender to that decline from which one shrinks with peculiar dread. There were heart-aches which cannot be described, and sometimes a look of sadness, perhaps even of agony; yet during years of decline, no words of complaint. Theirs were cases of uniform and marked spiritual enjoyment.

For the remainder of this group, — some of whom were mothers, — let one be the representative. In the full maturity of her powers, affectionate and tender as a wife and parent, not subject to enthusiasm or dejection, she became in a moment lost to herself and her home. Still amidst the dense darkness and foaming billows of that period, there shot rays from heaven. In moments of comparative quiet her sweet voice raised such familiar hymns as —

> "O for a closer walk with God,
> A calm and heavenly frame."

She was to have been welcomed to this church on confession of faith; but there was a greeting for her amidst the church triumphant.[1]

To any one, pastor or not, who witnesses this and other forms of severe visitation, there must be much of pain. What words can express the amount of sorrow thus represented in our congregation. More easily may that be done than to find words for the spiritual comfort and profiting which God has been pleased to vouchsafe in connection with all his sorer dispensations. Sanctified trials are peculiar mercies. Gentle dews of heavenly benediction have come down on souls that were scorched and pining away. The darker the cloud, the brighter the rainbow. Far more of nearness to God, and sweet fellowship with Jesus is there, at such times, than almost any other. The bereavement that takes away a beloved face opens up a more unobstructed view into the world of blessedness, and into our Heavenly Father's face. The man who has had few trials or but little contact with those who are tried, cannot know all the interior riches of our holy religion. Other forms of sickness and affliction have brought constant occasion and more obvious opportunities to minister the balm of Gilead, and to observe how the Great Physician imparts spiritual healing and comfort amidst bodily suffering and decline. There have been, it is true, a few instances of fretting and chafing; now and then has been witnessed a certain stoutness

[1] Mrs. Maria Ann Oughton, 1858. Baptized in infancy by Rev. George Burder, of Coventry, England.

of soul, misnamed manliness or bravery, which scorns to complain; but more usually has the Spirit of God wrought a calm resignation, and patient endurance. When appropriate words from Holy Writ have been repeated by the pastor they have seemed to be cordials, supplying comfort, not shallow and evanescent, but effective and lasting. Now, while neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth, but God who giveth the increase, still to witness a harvest of spiritual profit and joy, fills at the same time our own storehouse.

As already intimated, no inconsiderable amount of time has been spent by the side of those passing through the valley of the shadow of death. With few exceptions these have been seasons of elevated sacredness, days of heaven on earth, to me. Scores of times have heaven and earth seemed to meet in apartments where light from our Saviour's countenance scattered the gloom; where the full assurance of faith and hope made an intensified Sabbath, and made us for the time almost forget that we had not quite reached Paradise.

I have had occasion to attend nearly five hundred funerals, of which forty-six were those of young ladies. Fifteen of these, however, were not fully and properly members of the Eliot congregation. Of the remaining thirty one, only three were not known to the pastor as having expressed Christian hope previous to their last sickness.

Most of those dear young friends sank gradually to the grave. What sweet repose in the promises of God, what

depths of earnest trust, what more than earthly brightness of eye, what celestial beauty of countenance has the pastor seen with peculiar delight to himself as words of Holy Scripture, animating or consoling, fell on their ears! It is not merely what is said, but the mute language of one's countenance which makes known the heart. In the sick-rooms of these precious daughters how has the mild eloquence of beaming features revealed a kindling of soul, when Christ, his atoning death, his resurrection, his strong arm ever present, and his love so tender, so constant, has been the theme! Highest power does not reside in strength and cultivation of mind, nor in force of will, but in a guileless spirit and a consistent life. In these young friends of ours there was a sanctified fascination that won and commanded us. It has helped us better to know what the angels are. It has secured them a place in our hearts till the resurrection; yes, forever.

From fruits which ripened thus early, let us turn to maturer clusters. Glance at a single specimen of the vintage of one year. It was but little past the midnight which separated 1857 from 1858, before day had begun to dawn, that I was called to the death-bed of a venerated mother.[1] Like Anna of old, she was a widow of fourscore and four years. Thirty years previous she passed through deep waters, when her husband and three children in the course of a fortnight were cut down; but then also was the depth of sanctifying grace revealed, and the strong arm outstretched; and it was with a sin-

[1] Mrs. Wesson.

gularly tender, acquiescing spirit, and a placid, heavenly countenance that she quietly — yes, joyfully — pursued the remainder of her pilgrimage.

"My dear sir," said a mother in Israel, at the age of 87,[1] "may God bless you in your work. It is the most glorious occupation on earth." Indeed it is. A Christian minister is set apart to be the helper of a people's joys, their higher, holier joys. It is his business, — who else has professionally such a work? — to aid the largest number possible to the highest attainments possible in the divine life here, with a view to unspeakable blessedness in heaven.

Among the richer enjoyments of a Christian minister are those of the sanctuary. Whatever of trembling, — and there has been much of that, — on entering this sacred desk, the assurance of sympathy between pulpit and pew in worship, together with the sight of an attentive, indulgent audience, is the source of peculiar gratification. Eminently has that been the case in sacramental services. What a spectacle of beauty it is, and what a delight to the under-shepherd, to see dear lambs of the flock, — over three hundred here, — presented for the seal of that gracious compact between us and Abraham's God! And when the emblems of our Lord's body and blood have stood before us, have not words been wanting for your joys and mine? Especially true is that when the church, by its pastor, gives a right hand of fellowship to those who, for the first time, confess Christ and receive the memorial

[1] Mrs. Franklin.

bread and wine. Pretty uniformly have there been such admissions on sacramental Sabbaths, considerable numbers coming forward at times. These last were fruits of seasons marked by more evident and extended spiritual refreshing from on high. What tenderness of Christian love has been manifest on the part of God's children during revivals! What readiness and warmth in devotions! What freedom to speak of divine things! At such periods, memorably so in 1858 and 1866, did our Saviour's words find blessed verification: "These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." Language does not seem to have been framed with capacity of expression for the deep delight of a pastor, when in the course of a few months crowds of persons come to recount their newborn hopes of pardon and of heaven, through the sealing to them of Christ's atoning merits. O the sweet words, beautiful spirit, and beautiful countenances of such! "Great joy" is there "in that city." How well for Miriam and her associates, that in fleeing from the home of bondage they do not leave their timbrels behind; they are sure to want them as soon as fairly escaped from the land of servitude.

When, in numerous instances, whole households have become one in Christ; when, at twelve different times, both husband and wife simultaneously pledged allegiance to Jesus; when, repeatedly, we have at the same hour welcomed parents and children, brothers and sisters, the heart of pastor and church joined in the pæan, "Enter

into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto Him and bless his name; for the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; his truth endureth to all generations."

We have received three hundred and fifty-three on profession of faith; by letter, four hundred and eighty; making a total of eight hundred and thirty-three. The removals have been such as to leave the present membership five hundred and eleven, against one hundred and fifty five when the present pastoral relation began.

An additional fact which has greatly gladdened my heart is, so good a degree of church harmony as has prevailed. The first sermon preached to this people in 1834,[1] was from these words: "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem. They shall prosper that love thee." Concord has been a marked characteristic ever since. There has never been known to me a brotherhood in which, for an equal length of time, so little of division and so few alienations have taken place. Within the period contemplated, one hundred and four letters missive from neighboring churches have been sent to us, requesting representation on Ecclesiastical Councils. Of that number, eight were for advice in more private matters; and in such cases there is rather uniformly variance and contention, — a family quarrel rendering foreign aid needful. No council has been called here. This is perhaps all the more noteworthy in view of the circumstance that the Eliot Church has been gathered partly

[1] July 6th, by Rev. Jacob Abbott.

from denominations somewhat diverse, and from regions quite remote; for during this period near one hundred and fifty [1] who were born in foreign lands, have connected themselves with us. Scotland has sent us fifty-three; England and her provinces, fifty-one; Germany, fifteen; Ireland, fourteen; while Norway, Sweden, France, Austria, Syria, India, the Sandwich Islands, and West Indies, have been represented among us. *Many*, like the ripples; *one*, like the lake.

We know the heart of a stranger, how it yearns toward the fatherland. Often have we seen the eye moisten as thoughts turned back to hill and stream, to the cottage, to the father, mother, and pastor, of early days. Notwithstanding, however, such national diversities and remoteness in respect to places of nativity, this church is a homogeneous one. It suggests not only the wide-spread local origin of those who shall come to the great final ingathering, from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south; but also the harmony of that banquet.

There is another joy, consistent with and blending with that already dwelt upon, which, my friends, you have occasioned me in large measure; and it has never been interrupted. Your kindness has gladdened this whole quarter of a century. New Year's Day has never failed to call forth kind wishes and something more than wishes. Thanksgiving Days have been made doubly such. More than one matron, with the thoughtfulness of

[1] 147.

an own mother, have remembered birthdays, and beguiled the fact that she whose presence made a paradise for her youngest son, is no longer this side of heaven. Young hands have often brought emblems of themselves in flowers. Social surprises and other pleasant expedients, collective or individual, have revealed much ingenuity of kindness. Rare indeed is the case, as in my own, that a family, on becoming established in their new home, find it so arranged and funished that instead of their beginning to keep house, the house keeps itself. What shall I say of the thoughtfulness shown in seasons of sickness and affliction? It has availed more than a policy of life-insurance. What shall I say of the uniform generosity shown? In each of four instances when the salary has been raised, it was without solicitation, indeed without even suggestion from me.

Confessions of short-comings on my part are to be made more privately and in other ears. Whatever they may be, I trust that insensibility and ingratitude are not conspicuous. Next to the Saviour's command and the Saviour's promise, nothing has proved such an incentive as the kindness of this people. If to the eye of the Psalmist the little hills around Jerusalem were girded with joy, so to me is there a zone of gladness round about these little hills of Roxbury. And with this concluding service of the twenty-fifth year —

"All the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm ;
And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play ;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day."

I only add that a joyful pastor and people help to fill heaven with joy. Does it give a child of God delight here to find that others have similar spiritual experience ? Does the heart leap toward them ? Is the same also true in heaven —

"And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight ? "

Then must it be true that so far as inhabitants above are made acquainted with the spiritual joys of their future associates still on earth, they feel a higher sympathetic rapture. And can there be any doubt touching such acquaintance ? As for angels, we know that Providence conducts affairs in this world "to the intent that now unto principalities and powers in heavenly places may be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God," and the manifold love of God. Over every repenting sinner, over every rejoicing saint, there is joy among them. The happier earth, the happier heaven.

We often seem to get glimpses of what is experienced the other side of the veil, and often seem this side to share in the same. More especially has that been the case in those apartments whence so many have gone to

mansions above. Such chambers open direct into our Father's House. It is there that I have seemed to go hand in hand with departing ones to the entrance of Paradise; and as the gates of pearl opened, and they have passed in, I have heard a voice saying, "Come and see." Did you ever espy a bird, escaping from its cage, mount upward and carol, and clap its wings for very joy? Then may you imagine how these friends felt when they found themselves freed from the captivity of sin and Satan; and how their friend felt who could see what is here a prison there become a palace, — what is here a rod there become a palm branch.

Never shall I forget an aged German Christian, for a long time confined to his room. Once I repeated to him the passage, "Which hope we have as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast." "Why," said he, "poor as my hope is, I would not give it up for two such worlds as this, no, nor ten thousand." How natural for him to add, "I can hardly give thanks that I am continued here; I long to be with Jesus." There was another aged disciple[1] who was wont to say, "If I do not love Christ, I know not what love is; I do not love anything." The strength of that attachment suffered no loss amidst the failure of body and mind. The last day of his life he remarked, "I long to see Jesus; I long to see that sweet face of his without any veil between." Before retiring for the last time, he engaged twice in family worship with her who has since joined him in glory. He

[1] Mr. John Cushing, May 4, 1857.

had then no expectation of immediate departure. But at midnight was a cry heard, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh," and before day-break of that May Sabbath morning he had, as we believe, seen Jēsus in glory.

Years ago there was a family which had found their way hither from Northern Scotland. In patience and cheerfulness the husband and father sank under the gradual invasion of a disease which baffled all resistance.[1] His thoughts were chiefly across the water, and also in that world where there is no more sea. He sang over and over hymns taught him by a godly Highland mother, till at last he wished to have friends who stood round the bed, join in a favorite one which that sainted woman had sung to him in childhood. His own feeble voice joined the rest; but with the last word and last note he ceased to breathe. The words were: —

"Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And every voice a song."

Did he not keep on singing with his first breath in heaven, and has he not ever since been singing all the clearer for enjoying God's ordinances here in Roxbury?

Dr. Nathaniel Shepard Prentiss,[2] — fourscore, seven years and three months was the measure of his life. He was a decided Calvinist, holding with earnestness to the

[1] John Brown, July 30th, 1846.

[2] The son of one who aided in throwing the obnoxious tea into Boston Harbor. He survived his college classmate, John Quincy Adams, born the same year with himself, six years. He died Nov. 5th, 1853.

Abrahamic covenant, and to Orthodox congregational usages, yet with sympathies broad and warm toward all evangelical Christians. His name stands first on the original list of this church, over whose inception and growth he watched, prayed, and wept in exulting gratitude to the King of Zion. His spiritual union to the Lord Jesus became a fact of triumphant assurance. His last conscious act, after the power of speech had ceased, was to lay one finger across another, in token of Christ's cross wherein he gloried with all his soul. The language of his heart, as had often been of his lips, then was:

"Remember Thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me!
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

"And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee;
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me."

Dear, dear old man! Can he have lost aught of his interest in the Eliot Church, or ceased to be made glad by the news of its well-being? Will he not give a warm grasp when we reach New Jerusalem? How much should we miss there if we do not feel the pulsations of that great genial heart again. Surely glorified saints and holy angels are the happier for joys experienced in this goodly brotherhood.

Above all, the heart of Jesus is made glad. Herein He sees of the travail of soul; and hereby is there a contribution to those vast delights of his which are to swell

higher and higher till He is fully satisfied. What his death purchased, his intercession procures, and his right hand bestows, redounds thus to his own honor. This is only a refluent wave of blessedness going back to Him, the fountain. Of Him, to Him, are all things; to whom be glory forever. Amen.

Sabbath Evening.

EXERCISES AT THE ELIOT CHURCH,

SABBATH EVENING, JULY 21.

THE exercises were opened with the chant, "How beautiful upon the mountains," which was sung at the ordination of Dr. Thompson. The Rev. Dr. Edward W. Hooker read a selection of Scriptures and offered prayer.

Rev. Rufus Anderson, D. D., who presided on the occasion, then remarked:

It was deemed proper that one evening of this interesting anniversary should be mainly devoted to retrospective views of God's goodness to this church, in the period now under consideration. These will take the miscellaneous form most convenient to the speakers now to be called upon to address us.

We read in the Scriptures, that "they that have used the office of a Deacon well, purchase to themselves a good degree, and great boldness in the faith, which is in Christ Jesus." My first call is upon the Rev. William W. Davenport, formerly an officer of this church, now pastor of a Congregational Church in West Killingly, Conn.

MR. DAVENPORT'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Chairman and Dear Friends, — The true pastor is one appointed by God, and under his authority; yet doubly constrained by love: first by the love of Christ, as his supreme motive; and then by the love of souls. He is brought into this particular relation, in order that the particular souls of his own flock may engage his special love and care; that they may give him their love and confidence in return; and may trustfully feed at his hand. His duty is to nurture the flock over which the Holy Ghost has made him overseer; to minister to them the sincere milk of the Word, that they may grow thereby; and the strong meat, when their maturity requires it. He is to foster the lambs; to feed the sheep; to be patient with all; to instruct the ignorant; to reclaim the wandering; to rebuke the wayward. If, with such responsibilities resting upon him, — so weighty, so delicate, and sometimes so perplexing, — we never find one whom we dare pronounce absolutely perfect, and few whom we cordially and unhesitatingly call faithful; who can wonder? A minister who still lives, accepted the invitation to preach at Dr. Emmons' funeral, and prepared his discourse; but the Doctor's life being prolonged, the author read the sermon to him. When he took exception to some parts, the reply was: "Remember you are a dead man." Our pastor is not even constructively *dead;* but it may not be amiss to say to him — Remember you are *deaf* this evening.

Dr. Thompson had been six years in his present office, at my first connection with this church; for thirteen years I shared in the advantages of his ministry; and for the last six, have not been entirely a stranger here. And I consider

it a privilege that I may avail myself of this anniversary to say, — what could not be publicly said on every occasion, — that in my deliberate judgment, the Head of the church has blessed this people, these twenty-five years, with a pastor who is faithful. He has bestowed a choice ascension gift; and for a quarter of a century, you have enjoyed it, unrecalled. It is an occasion for devout gratitude to God, from all who have been numbered with this people.

Among the things essential to fidelity in this office, warm and sincere piety stands foremost. And the grace of the Holy Spirit has so endowed our pastor with this qualification, that it has been the ruling principle in his life. To honor the Lord Jesus Christ, and to save the souls of his people, has evidently been his absorbing aim; and has governed his intercourse with them in public and in private. His sympathies have been quick to respond to the varied experiences of his flock; and he has sought to turn all to a sanctified account. He has been faithful in the homes of his people, — cheering the sick, comforting the mourner, and ministering counsels of divine wisdom to all. We are also fully persuaded that he has been faithful in his closet; and that the ear of the Master has often heard his wrestling intercessions for his beloved flock, and has answered them.

> "As your guide,
> He in the heavenward path hath firmly walked,
> Bearing your joys and sorrows in his breast,
> And on his prayers. He at your household hearths
> Hath spoke his Master's message: . . . . .
> And when your dead were buried from your sight,
> Was he not there?"

But after all, the most necessary attainment of a pastor

is, to be faithful in the pulpit. This is the place of his power. It has pleased God, by the foolishness of *preaching*, to save them that believe. And who of us all will not bear witness, that in this service our pastor has been faithful? Qualified for the work by natural endowments, and a training which made him efficient in their use, he has devoted these talents faithfully to preaching the word of reconciliation, as an ambassador for Christ. He has shown, in word and in manner, his deep sense of the solemn responsibility of that high vocation.

We remember how thoroughly loyal to the Scriptures he has been. The inspired and authoritative Word is the storehouse whence he has drawn his teachings. He has gone to this, not only for his text, but for its related truths and precepts. "What saith the Scripture?" has been the spirit of his inquiries for his people's instruction. He has aimed to tell us what God has revealed, not what man has guessed; and so has sought to build our faith and practice on the "sure word of prophecy," to which men do well that they take heed. And he has constrained us to feel the force of its authority; and to own it as the sufficient rule of our faith and practice.

Our pastor has interpreted the Word honestly; not wresting it to countenance favorite human theories, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully. He has made Scripture its own interpreter, and has accepted the result, in spite of the "oppositions of science, falsely so called." And what he has drawn out of the Word, he has set forth with clearness. By distinctness of expression, and felicity of illustration, the truth has been made plain to the comprehension of every one who was ready to listen, and

willing to understand. Hence his preaching has been instructive. He has fed us with knowledge and understanding. Dividing the word of truth wisely, he has taught us the *doctrines* of the sacred volume; and has pressed upon our consciences the *duties* which spring from them. Accounting all Scripture as profitable, he has sought to bring out things new and old; the hidden treasures of divine wisdom; and to lay them in living contact with the minds and hearts of his hearers; to make them both intelligent and conscientious in the things of the Spirit; that they might be "built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets; Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone." In doing this, he has always given prominence to "Christ crucified," as the central and most vital doctrine of the gospel; putting the cross in the fore front, as the only hope of sinners and the chief comfort of saints: — to them that perish, foolishness; but to them which are saved, the power of God.

Nor has he failed to set forth Christ in all his glorious offices, — as Prophet, teaching clearly and authoritatively; as Priest, offering up himself a sacrifice, and still interceding for us; as King, reigning over his people, and governing all things in the interest of his kingdom. He has made Christ dear to the hearts of believers; our elder brother, our all and in all. Nor has he slighted the character and claims and office of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter; but has set Him before us as the purchased gift of Christ; and yet the Sovereign and Divine Agent in renewing and sanctifying men; claiming for Him all the honor which is due to the Supreme, the Triune God. And every one will testify to the *intrepidity* with which he has preached the whole counsel of God. He has not feared to proclaim truth plainly and boldly, even before

those who doubted or opposed it. He has not turned aside to gratify any who might crave sensation in the pulpit; but having been put in trust with the gospel, he has spoken, not as pleasing men, but God which trieth our hearts. Out of a personal experience of the power of divine truth, and under the teachings of the Holy Spirit of truth, he has delivered his message *faithfully;* and by manifestation of the truth, has commended himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God. You will bear me witness that he has been faithful to the honor of God, and faithful to the souls of men. We are reminded of the parson, described by Chaucer: "Rich he was in holy thought and word, and thereto a right learned man, a clerk that Christ's pure gospel would sincerely preach, and his parishioners devoutly teach."

My friends, I have personal reason to bless God for the privilege of sitting under the ministry of "our pastor." The gospel at his lips has had no uncertain sound. His preaching of it has been positive, earnest, scriptural. Upon my own soul it has exerted an enlightening and quickening power. Many of you can say the same.

But I have peculiar reason for gratitude that through the influence of this ministry, I have been led to a share in the same sacred work; and have had the benefit of our pastor's personal superintendence and aid, in special preparation. For this valued favor, I thank the chief Shepherd and great Teacher; and gratefully own my indebtedness to you also, my revered and beloved pastor, instructor, and friend.

I join with you, therefore, all the more heartily, dear friends, in celebrating this happy occasion; partaking of your joy; sharing in your grateful thanks. The seal of the

Master's approval has been upon this ministry of twenty-five years. You were comparatively a little flock, when this shepherd was set over you; now you are become two goodly bands. May the same tokens of approval still accompany the labors of him who is becoming a veteran in the sacred ministry among you; may this union be yet greatly prolonged. Yet more affectionately and faithfully do you stay up his hands, that Israel may prevail, even to the going down of the sun. Share his arduous toil. Labor with him diligently in the vineyard, that the ingathering may be great.

"And for you, dear pastor,
O rest not now, but scatter wide the seeds
Of faithful words, and yet more faithful deeds;
So thou shalt rest above eternally,
When God the harvest-fruit shall give to thee."

The Chairman remarked, —

Among the former teachers of our infant class, is a mother in this congregation, whose son was for years a pupil of the Eliot Sabbath-school. He is now the pastor of a neighboring church; and my next call is upon the Rev. Francis B. Perkins, pastor of a Congregational church in Jamaica Plain.

Mr. Perkins then spoke with reference to the Sabbath-school.

Dr. Anderson: One of the events most interesting to us in the past twenty-five years, is the forming of the Vine Street Church, a colony from the Eliot Church. The Rev. John O. Means, pastor of that church, will now address us.

Mr. Means responded, and was followed by the Rev.

David M. Mitchell, who gave reminiscences of his labors here as City Missionary.

Moses H. Day, Esq., Superintendent of the Parker Street Sabbath-school, being called upon, spoke as follows:—

The Parker Street Sabbath-school certainly deserves a more able and eloquent advocate than the one who now addresses you. We come up here to-night, to join your congratulations, to express our hearty sympathy with you all in the cause which brings us together, and to make known our sincere respect for you, Sir, whom God has spared for so many years, to be the spiritual leader and guide of this people.

Our teachers are here, calling to remembrance the many wise suggestions, and words of counsel and encouragement, which have fallen from your lips; when in the midst of darkness and doubt they have come to you, they have received strength and intimations of hope for the future; and have gone back again to the stern conflict and duties of life, hopeful and trusting because their pastor was leaning upon the Almighty Arm.

Our scholars are here, not forgetful of their connection with this church, and manifesting the interest they feel in this glad occasion. They remember your kind advice, and tender love for them as the lambs of your flock.

The enterprise which I have the honor to represent, owes its origin and present success, in no small degree to the teachings and efforts of our pastor. They must indeed be a strange people, who could unmoved listen to faithful appeals and urgent calls, to go forward in the path of Christian

duty, especially when that solicitation falls from the lips of one who is ever ready to go himself; and I have often thought, how great a satisfaction results not only to those who are immediately engaged in the work, but also to a pastor, who is permitted to see the members of his flock, busy each in his own place and in unison with him, doing the work of God. From a comparatively feeble beginning, our school has grown, until now it has a membership of about four hundred and twenty-five; of this number forty-two are teachers, concerning whom I will say no more at this time, than to bear witness that it is my boast to be connected with them. The infant class has upon its roll not less than two hundred names, the general attendance being about one hundred and twenty-five. In charge of these little ones, subdivided into classes, are fourteen teachers, the whole under the direction of one thoroughly competent and qualified for the work; and I may here express the doubt, whether another such infant class, as that of the Parker Street Sabbath-school, is to be found in this or the neighboring city, if indeed in the State.

This is a memorable occasion for us all: one of the great landmarks upon the voyage of life; one of the quarter of a century mile-stones, which are so seldom passed by pastor and people, journeying on together in the path of church life. It is fitting that we should here, to-day, take a retrospective view of our united labors, trials, and successes, for twenty-five years; and with thankful hearts for the mercies of our God in the past, and with assured faith for the future, gird ourselves anew for the work. My own relations to the pastor have been such, that I may be permitted to indulge in a word of a personal character. He came among

us when I was but a child; and yet the impression made upon my mind, when I first saw him tread this aisle and approach this desk, is as distinct as if it were but yesterday. During a portion of these years as an officer of the church, I was brought into close and confidential communication with him; and it is needless for me to testify here, to his thorough and constant devotion to what he has considered to be for the best interests of his people. His prayer has ever been, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do." And now do I not speak for you all, when speaking for myself I say to our pastor, "Dr. Thompson, the Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee, yes, *very* gracious; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

REMARKS BY THE PASTOR.

AFTER a hymn had been sung, the Pastor offered remarks as follows: —

It may not be remembered by all present that the man of fourscore, who spoke[1] a few minutes since, is in no mean measure father or grandfather of this sister church at our side, — Vine Street Church and pastor; bone of our bone, heart of our heart. Both joyful and sad was that meeting, April 3, 1857, when twenty-six choice members, including one of the deacons,[2] were dismissed to be formed into a new brotherhood. With them was also associated one[3] no less beloved, whose church relation existed elsewhere. Those who took letters from us had all been welcomed here since the present pastorate began, six of them on profession of faith. None of that company, so far as is known, entered the new from disaffection to the old home. They went out from us because designated to the enterprise; because in common with us they accepted the providential call for church extension though at a heavy pecuniary cost, and with some of them at a large expense of personal convenience.

The thoughts, the prayers of many months and years found fulfillment the morning of that Sabbath when our

[1] Rev. David M. Mitchell.

[2] Henry Hill, Esq.

[3] Joseph S. Ropes, Esq.

young sister first bowed the head in worship on Mount Pleasant. It was my peculiar privilege to preach to them on the occasion of their commencing separate worship, and also to baptize the first child presented for that ordinance.

Never perhaps was a colonized church established under circumstances of more kindliness of feeling, or continued pleasantness of relations. And to what a vigorous growth and fruitage has that young vine attained under the dews of Heaven! while it is a noteworthy fact that the year of our own largest increase up to that time, followed the year of our largest numerical loss by this movement. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

Certain persons are here this evening to whose ears the pleasant voices of the speakers have found no entrance, — the seven or eight deaf mute members of our congregation. Three of that number were commended to the Eliot Church by letter; four were welcomed on profession of their faith. They are valued and beloved brethren and sisters in Christ. No utterances from human lips are audible to these friends; but our Lord has spoken to the heart saying, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." In the silence of their souls His voice and His ear are as real, as ready, we doubt not, as to any of us. Communication between them and us may be difficult, but not between them and Him. Though their lips are sealed, their hearts are not. As there is no one to represent them, I may be permitted to supply voice to a communication which has been handed me to-day by one of their number. It contains among other things, an extract from an annual report of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum in Hartford, Connecticut: "Jonathan F. Marsh, an interesting little boy from

Boston, died from an affection of the brain on the third day of July, 1864. He was preparing to leave for the summer vacation, when struck down by the disease which soon terminated in death. He had been with us four years, and gave to those who stood by his dying bed the most pleasing evidence that he was prepared for the world where the 'ears of the deaf shall be unstopped, and the dumb shall sing.'"

From a journal of his parents, kept at the time, this memorandum is taken: "Suddenly we witnessed that he made clear signs for being 'glad and happy,' 'giving thanks or praises.' He pointed his fingers, and made feeble signs to say that 'Angels were moving round him.' His face became heavenly. His eyes were sweet, tender, mild, and expressive; his mouth a little opened, breathing mildly as if singing."

Mention is also made of Mrs. Caroline F. Lynde,[1] one of our silent sisters. Never will any of us who knew her, fail to remember the interesting countenance, the marked Christian experience, or the calm, beautiful departure of that exemplary woman. The last passage of Scripture which I wrote for her, and placed under her eye, was this: "My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever." With feeble hand she wrote underneath, "Very beautiful; I, too, find it true." The last question put by her husband in the language of signs was, "Do you know me?" Looking full in his face, she replied with emaciated fingers, "I know Jesus." To a Christian deaf mute, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!"

There is another class who have no one to represent them on this occasion. In our congregation are now more than

[1] Died June 25, 1862.

fifty widows. There have been periods when the number fell little if any short of seventy. Of these, sixteen were widows of ministers; and of them at one time were six whose husbands died early in ministerial life. During the twenty-five years the whole company would form a good-sized congregation, — three hundred and fifty. Most delightful is the fact that of this entire band, from the first onward, all save a minute fraction, have been members of the Visible Church.

May I refer particularly to one of them, now well on between eighty and ninety? She was born in a foreign land, and is in humble life. She informs me that many years ago being much tried in her family, and much exercised in regard to her soul's concerns, she was, to use her own words, "in great consternation of mind and body." Lying awake at night, and seeming to herself like a sparrow alone on the house-top, she prayed God to send some one to guide and teach her. "The next day," said she, "who should come in but you. I asked you to pray. You first repeated —

> 'Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to thy bosom fly.'

All at once I found peace. I never shall forget it as long as I live. The Lord gave my soul deliverance then." She slipped upon my finger a ring, and in a way that forbade me to decline the gift. I will only add, there is no ring in this congregation, however studded with diamonds, that represents more wealth than that. It is a token of the exceeding riches of God's grace.

Another hymn having been sung, the Benediction was pronounced by Dr. Anderson.

Social Greetings.

RE-UNION IN THE CHAPEL,

MONDAY EVENING, JULY 22.

AT six o'clock Monday evening many of the former and present members of the Eliot Congregation met at the Chapel, to greet one another as well as the pastor.

An hour and a half were thus spent in unusual social enjoyment. Before adjourning for more public exercises in the church, LABAN S. BEECHER, Esq., called the assembly to order, and spoke as follows: —

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. — Having been appointed by the Committee of Arrangements (from which there is no appeal) to tender to the past and present members of the Eliot Church and Society their congratulations and a hearty welcome to this twenty-fifth anniversary of the settlement of our pastor, — a period of union very uncommon in the history of our churches at the present day, — I am glad to be able to state to the past members that the union remains as strong as at the beginning, only more strongly cemented by time; and should they find it convenient to return to the old homestead for a longer time, or for the hour, they will find the same happy family and the latch-string out.

Our pastor not only possesses in a great degree all the qualifications of a good pastor, but he has in no small

measure one quality which is a very scarce commodity in the market at the present time, — good common sense, that enables him to look well after his own duties, and leaves other people to take care of theirs. He has never made a political platform of his pulpit, nor suffered others to make it so; nor is he ever found taking an active part in outside issues where good men differ, but is content to confine his powers to preaching the Gospel, — "Christ and Him crucified."

He never uses harsh words to accomplish his ends; but by kind intimation, and the cherup, always finds willing hearts and ready hands to carry out his wishes.

And it is the wish of his people, that he should continue to be our pastor as long as life lasts; and when from age or inability to perform the whole duties of a pastor, to furnish him with a colleague; and when that period shall arrive, may his declining days be as peaceful and happy as his former days were useful.

The Pastor remarked, —

If at the Grand Exposition, the World's Fair, now in progress in Paris, prizes had been offered for the greatest amount of kindness and generosity on the part of a church and people, I know very well who would have won. I could give the name of the congregation which would go home with the badge of "the Legion of Honor."

After a hymn had been sung, Ebenezer Wheelwright, Esq., of Newburyport, occupied the remaining time as follows: —

Mr. Chairman. — You have said that five minutes are left, and with your leave I will occupy the time in a few

remarks. Five minutes, — this is often a most important period; brief indeed, yet on it may depend our weal or woe for time and eternity. The right improvement of it, may turn our minds to God and Heaven with inflexible purpose, and make us wise for eternity; or if in that short space we yield to temptation, it may give a direction to the soul in that downward path which ends in ruin, and from which there is no recovery.

But if five minutes are so important, what must be the value of twenty-five years of a faithful ministry? How solemn the review! How momentous the results! I meet these friends to-day and gladly greet them all; but in view of this lapse of years and in the recollections that crowd upon me, I cannot speak to you otherwise than in the language of deep seriousness. Ten years of my life were spent under the ministry of the pastor, whom we love to honor, and to whose fidelity we can all bear witness. In that pulpit the great doctrine of "Justification by Faith" has been placed before us as the grand theme of the Christian minister, the only hope of our ruined race. That it has been proclaimed with all fidelity and earnestness, and that the blessing of God has attended it, we have the strongest assurance. It has been to many among us, the power of God to salvation, it will be so to all generations in the future ages.

There is something unspeakably solemn to my own mind in the recollections of this day, in common with others. I was connected with the Sabbath-school, and in a single year, four of its members, nearly one half its membership, were called away by death. What a message did the desolated class present to the school! What a message to me! Eternity came near to us all, and the warning voice of these

solemn providences seems yet to linger on my ear. You will all agree with me that if this be a day of glad reunion, it is also a day of solemn remembrances. The record of your meetings yesterday, as announced by the public journals, informs us that but thirty persons of those who welcomed this beloved pastor, twenty-five years ago, are now members of this congregation. Some have removed and are yet among the living, but by far the greater part are numbered with the dead. The waves of time have rolled over them and they are not.

I have said that in the ministry of this faithful pastor, the great doctrine of "Justification by Faith" has been clearly announced and faithfully preached; but in this connection, the necessity of holiness, the authority and claims of the Divine law, and a life of cheerful obedience to God, all these have been demanded as the only reliable evidence of fidelity to Christ. We have not listened to cold and barren dogmas, but to living and vital truth, — that truth which not only enlightens the mind, but purifies and sanctifies the heart and life.

I cannot quite agree with my friend the Chairman, that public politics have had no place in this pulpit. There are times and seasons when, like the prophets of old, the people must be warned, and our rulers reminded of their duties both to God and man; but if he means partisan politics, he is doubtless right. But it is impossible that while God's awful judgments have been rolling over this nation for the last few years because of our sins, and especially for that of oppression, that these tokens of the Divine wrath have been unheeded in this pulpit. I have not the least doubt that the morals of politics have had their fitting place in the ministra-

tions of this sanctuary, for it is impossible to love God, who is not seen, unless we love our fellow men, however oppressed and degraded they may be. I know this beloved pastor so well, that I am sure he would break every yoke, and faithfully rebuke every sin whether individual or national. It is characteristic of the true disciple, that he will stretch out the hand of love to the suffering and the wronged however lowly they may be, of whatever nation, color or clime, and raise them if it were possible to the dignity of angels.

Time forbids me to speak of other topics which might well claim an attentive notice. But these five minutes are passing away and I must close. In so doing, I would only utter the prayer, that the glad greetings of this day may be followed by another reunion, when together we may stand on the heights above, and behold the advancing glories of Christ's kingdom with a clearer vision and in wider prospect. If we may reach those blessed abodes, no disturbing element shall there interrupt the harmony of Christian love, or disturb that perfect joy which is the fruit of redeeming grace.

Exercises Monday Evening.

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EXERCISES AT THE ELIOT CHURCH.

MONDAY EVENING, JULY 22.

THE public and more strictly anniversary exercises were held in the church Monday evening. EDWARD B. HUNTINGTON, Esq., presided.

Rev. H. Q. BUTTERFIELD, Professor in the Lincoln University at Topeka, Kansas, read selections of Scripture and offered prayer.

In the course of the exercises, besides other hymns, the following original one by Mrs. JOSEPH S. ROPES was sung: —

Within God's temple kneeling,
We mingle praise and prayer;
Above, with joyous pealing,
The clear bells cleave the air:
High o'er the summer blossoms,
Borne by the breeze along,
They reach our answering bosoms,
And summon us with song.

From many a home we gather, —
The human tide moves on,

The maiden and the father,
The mother and the son:
From every peaceful dwelling,
From hill and slope and plain,
We come with glad hearts swelling
To their exultant strain.

We come, upon Christ's altar
To lay our offering down;
With anthem, chant, and psalter,
To weave a choral crown
For him whose ministration
Long years ago began,
In fervent consecration
To God and fellow man.

Life's shadows have passed o'er us,—
We may not see him now
As when he stood before us
With youth upon his brow;
But his hand-grasp is tighter
In the familiar aisle,
And his eye beams the brighter
For its long wonted smile.

When faith and troth were plighted,
And heart was bound to heart,
His holy words united
Those only death can part:
Where doubt and fear were sighing,
And earthly light grew dim,

Where pain was feebly lying,
God's comfort spoke through him.

Our little sons and daughters
To his dear arms were given,
While with baptismal waters
He sealed them heirs of heaven;
And when the hopes we cherished
Had faded out in night,
The precious forms that perished
He buried from our sight.

From his hand we have taken
The Bread and Wine of Life,
Till sleeping Faith would waken
And peace come forth from strife.
He led us through the mazes
Of many a clouded path,
And pierced the shadowy hazes
That even sunshine hath.

He took from us each burden
And "cast it on the Lord;"
O glorious be his guerdon,
Eternal his reward!
And if the years departed
Have all too swiftly sped,
Though youth and joy are martyred
'Neath their relentless tread, —

The heights of new existence
Our steps have gained, — and lo!

Through golden mists of distance
We see the plains below.
Upward we climb, till scaling
Earth's last and loftiest rock,
God's heaven receives, unfailing,
Our shepherd and his flock.

ADDRESSES.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY MR. HUNTINGTON, THE CHAIRMAN.

IN the good providence of Him whose existence knows no periods, but who has ordered times and seasons in his dealings with the children of men, this church and society have come to a point in their history where it has seemed right and fitting to pause for a moment and look back upon the past. A quarter of a century has been added to the cycles of eternity since a union was formed which our hearts now gladly join in commemorating, and it is my pleasure, as well as a duty to which I have been appointed, to extend to those who were once of us, but are now here only as guests, a most hearty welcome. In the name and on behalf of the Eliot Society I offer you all, brethren and friends, our cordial salutations. You have come to our wedding banquet, bringing no presents of glistening silver, but what is better than these, your warm and sympathizing hearts. Neither do we ask you to sit at tables spread with skillfully compounded viands, with costly and generous wines, but to partake in a feast of love.

Royal guests are with us to-day, for we can hardly doubt that among the goodly company assembled at this evening

hour, in this our simple, but sacred temple, there is not only *One* present who is ever with his people, and whom it should be, now and always, our highest desire and aim to honor; but also another, he by whose name we are called, no doubt in answer to whose prayers, and because of whose faith, the Divine blessing has rested upon this church and on this portion of our favored land.

If our eyes were not holden we should surely see "strange things to day." May we not believe that the Divine Master, whom the church has specially invited to be a guest with us in these scenes, and who doubtless has accepted the invitation, in making up his shining train, appointed John Eliot as one of his principal attendants?

These, I am confident, are with us now; these, and more than these, unseen by mortal eyes, are glad to be here, and all these greet you!

You have come as the friends of Christ and of his kingdom, as the friends of this particular church, and as the friends of him who has been, for so many years, our loving and faithful pastor; one who has pointed out to us the way of life, and has led us in it by his own blameless and consistent example; one in the borders of whose garments will not be found the blood of a single soul, and who will forever wear a crown sparkling with many immortal gems.

You have come to our silver wedding: again, pastor and people, we welcome you to it; and we invite you now to our golden wedding, which perhaps will be celebrated here, but may occur in another, a more sacred and beautiful house, in a temple "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." We are authorized to offer to every one here a wedding garment which will give full admission to either place.

Late in June, 1842, three gentlemen were deputed by the Eliot Church and Society to bear an invitation for settlement to Mr. Thompson. This church has twice enjoyed the services of one of them as deacon, Mr. Henry Hill, who will now address us.

MR. HILL'S ADDRESS.

Forty-five years ago, I began to reside in Boston, which was then a city about a year old. In those days many families went in the summer, four or five miles distant, to some of the neighboring towns. My family passed seven summers in Dorchester. We avoided Roxbury, as it had no Orthodox Congregational Church.

But, thirty-one years since, when this church had been organized a year or more, I took up my abode here. Mr. Abbott was then our pastor. About a year after he left us, Mr. Thompson (now the Rev. Dr. Thompson of New York) preached for us one Sabbath; and then another young minister, of the same name, was with us for a short time. Returning to Northampton, he was soon followed by Mr. Walley and me; and we intimated to our young friend that our people had some designs upon him. And then our senior deacon (Kittredge) and Mr. Walley and I went to Northampton with a call from this church. The important events which followed have been brought to our notice by the pastor and others.

For sixteen years I was too happy here, perhaps, and so I was sent away, — in good company to be sure, — but, to leave this home of my choice, my pastor, my brother deacons, this church and society, such friends as I never expected to find again this side of heaven, — O, if ever I made a sacri-

fice, it was when I consented to join the little band of twenty-six to form the Vine Street Church. We went out, a handful of, us not knowing what would befall us. But if ever mortal was recompensed a hundred fold, I was during the years I sat beneath that pleasant and luxuriant vine, with privileges and *means* such as few are permitted to enjoy.

During ten years, of the twenty-five now past, I was intimately associated with the deacons of this church. Two of them (thanks to the Lord) still serve in this office. One left us to become a preacher and pastor; and another, a brother whom we all loved, was called to a higher sphere and a nobler service.

The meetings of the pastor and deacons were frequent. We spent much time together, and many refreshing seasons were granted to us.

> "What peaceful hours we then enjoyed;
> How sweet their memory still."

Joyous and grateful emotions spring up in the recollection of the friendship, the confidence, the harmony, the brotherly love, the Christian affection, which marked all our intercourse. For this and for all the good which has been accomplished through the instrumentality of this church and society, everlasting thanks be to Christ, our Saviour and our King.

The Chairman then introduced Rev. James H. Means to the congregation, thus: —

The first pastor in Dorchester, Richard Mather, was a particular friend of John Eliot. Between the Second Church in that town, as well as all neighboring churches, and this

Eliot Church, there has always been a good understanding. The charge to our pastor when he was ordained, was given by Dr. Codman of Dorchester, whose successor will now address us.

MR. MEANS' ADDRESS.

Mr. Chairman, — You have alluded to the pleasant relations formerly existing between Mather of Dorchester and Eliot of Roxbury, but I do not believe that Richard and John in the olden time were any better friends than are Augustus and James now. Indeed, though called to speak especially in behalf of others, I cannot refrain from a few words of personal acknowledgment. When I was ordained, I looked to your pastor for encouragement and support. How ripe in experience he seemed. Why, he had been settled six years, and he really appeared to me more venerable then, than he does to-day. So I sat at his feet as a learner, and from that time to this he has never failed to render every service and aid I have desired. I cannot enter into the multiplied details. I have only one charge to bring against him. A few years ago he came into my parish, and enticed away to his own home one of the most cherished members of my church. But I am aware that I shall find little sympathy for my sorrow here, so I will dry my tears and try to rejoice that my loss has been your gain.

In speaking now of what your pastor has been to the neighboring churches and ministers, I feel the embarrassment of speaking in his presence. But we have been told that he is supposed to have "occasional fits of deafness;" and besides this, I cannot but feel that amid the thronging memories of an occasion like this, as he reviews the past, there

must come to mind many a buried hope, many an unfulfilled and baffled plan, so that as he sits communing with himself there will be thoughts sad as well as joyous, and by no words of sincere commendation is he likely to be exalted beyond measure.

Gladly then do I bear testimony that many other churches besides this have profited by his lengthened ministry. The light which has shone here has sent its beams far beyond these walls, or sometimes for a few hours or a day the very candlestick has been removed to shed its radiance elsewhere. These surrounding churches have always rejoiced to see your pastor in their pulpits; and I think for this reason especially, that they knew he had come to preach to them the truth in Jesus; that, presenting no theories of human invention, making no display of "pulpit pyrotechnics," never putting himself before his message, but the reverse, he would bring forward some weighty gospel truth, illustrating it with apt quotation, pithy saying, or pointed incident, pressing it on the conscience and the heart, and so conducting the whole service that it could be truly said, he had ministered to them in holy things. Therefore we have turned to him for aid when souls were inquiring the way of life, and hereafter it will be seen that many, in other churches than this, are witnesses to his fidelity in pointing to the cross.

The ministers also of this neighborhood owe him much for setting before them the example of one wholly devoted to and satisfied with his proper calling. He has appeared to have no other ambition, than to be a true minister of Christ. To think of him engaging in a speculation to make money, or performing some extravagance to draw attention and applause, is an absurdity. His whole life has been bent to

his work. We have looked upon the well-filled shelves of his library, but a glance showed us it was the library of a student of God's Word.

We have heard of his travels, — but their main object has been to open the way for the gospel. We have seen him unbend, and found out how genial was his nature, but we have never seen him anxious to forget his profession. His labors as an author have had the same end as his preaching; and so, in a word, the right fulfilling of the work of the ministry has completely satisfied his desires. We have beheld him struggling often with physical weakness, but never ceasing from his toil; and felt that he could say with Henry Martyn, "I wish for no other heaven upon earth than that of preaching the precious gospel to immortal souls." Now, by this course, pursued so steadily for twenty-five years, he has honored his calling, and gained for it respect in this community. For this his brethren are all his debtors.

I feel it is safe thus to speak for them, and say that their hearts glow with one common sentiment of attachment and regard. From one I have a special message. As I sat a few days ago beside the venerable Dr. Storrs, now in the eighty-second year of his age, and the fifty-seventh of his ministry, he said in reference to this anniversary, — "O, I do wish I could be there. I want to tell them how much I love Brother Thompson, and how deeply I thank him for his consistent and beautiful life."

We are all ready to echo the words of our honored father in the Lord, each one with his own recollections of benefits received; and as I close, may I not beg the privilege of giving the sign of fellowship so common in our profession, and by a momentary grasp of the hand, witnessing to a love

which was cordial in the beginning, which time has been continually strengthening, and which we fondly trust eternity will make immortal.

Dr. N. Adams was called upon, and responded in the following

ADDRESS.

It has often occurred to me that if I were asked for a complete illustration of the ministerial and pastoral work, I could not do better than point to the present pastor of the Eliot Church in Roxbury. It is not in my power to name a case in which the ministry of the Word and the care of souls, those two great offices of a Christian pastor, are better fulfilled than here.

Soundness of doctrine, faithful, affectionate application of the divine method for the recovery of the soul to God, and personal attention to all the duties of the pastor's business, are here completely exemplified. Often have I said to myself, there is one who preaches not himself, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and himself a servant for Jesus' sake.

In addition, he performs in an exemplary manner that more difficult and trying work of laboring in private for the spiritual good of his people, seeking with much ingenuity good devices for their happiness and spiritual welfare.

No one labors with a more conscientious discrimination between truth and error, with greater abhorrence of that which is false, and more sincere love of the truth for its own sake, in setting forth the revealed will of God. No one is more prompt, more self-denying, more skillful in dealing privately with the hearts and consciences of men. No one brings to his preparations for the pulpit and social religious meetings a more full and accurate knowledge of the Scrip-

tures in their original meaning, nor draws from richer stores of reading and observation in illustrating all that he says.

When we know that he himself handles the pen but little, on account of impaired sight, and depends on an amanuensis, to whom he dictates, it seems a triumph of mind over matter which enhances our opinion of his zeal. For, when compelled to compose in this way, it is a different thing from choosing it as a relief from the irksomeness of using a pen, in which case it ministers to ease and perhaps indolence. There is said to be sometimes a bone in the bodies of some people, I do not know its anatomical name in Latin or Greek, but which in common English is called the lazy bone. This is not found in his well built frame. Did you ever know Dr. Thompson to be late? never, unless he had met with an accident or some providential detention. Once more may he meet with a providential detention and be late, — late in joining those who are looking for him in the "Better Land."

There he is to be saluted with grateful love by thousands to whom his name will be familiar and dear in connection with his published works. In afflicting him, God seems to have done for him spiritually that which he promised to do literally for Cyrus, when he said, "I will show thee the treasures of darkness." Only thus could our friend have been qualified or disposed to become familiar with those poetical compositions in our own and in other languages, which he has so skillfully brought together in the volume, "Songs in the Night." Pastors are familiar with that book in the chambers of their invalid parishioners. The widow of the late Rev. Dr. Codman of Dorchester, said that in his

last sickness only two books were uniformly upon his bed, the Bible, and "Songs in the Night."

Like Greatheart, that allegorical leader of pilgrims to the "Better Land," our friend, as the author of the book by this name, has led pilgrim after pilgrim down to the river, and helped their faith as they desired a better country, even an heavenly.

His book, "Last Words of the Dying," impresses one not unlike some of the closing verses in the book of Revelation. He has looked upon "the isle that is called Patmos," and his "Morning Hours in Patmos" are the result of that privilege, helping us to read more intelligently and profitably things related to the spiritual intention of that most spiritual book.

He loves the aged, and has honored himself and made himself beloved by his assiduous attentions to them. His sermon with the title, "The Poor Widow," occasioned by the death of Mrs. Anna F. Waters, has been translated into Tamil.

He has well remembered that when Christ demanded of Peter if he loved him, the Saviour twice told him to show it by feeding his "lambs," and once only by feeding his "sheep." The little book in paper covers, "The Lambs Fed," has been circulated sometimes at the rate of a thousand a week, and more than three hundred thousand copies have been sold. Not only have the lambs of our pastures tasted the good word in this book, — it has been printed in the Mahratta tongue.

He has deeply sympathized with bereaved parents, and comforted them with his book so appropriately named "Gathered Lilies."

He saw some little shoes on a mantel-piece, left behind by some little feet now on the heavenly floor, and straightway his memory summoned scores of beautiful compositions alluding more or less directly to "little feet;" and in a volume called "Our Little One," he has treasured them up for the comfort of bereaved parents. He is himself the father of twins who fled from earth not many months after they saw the light. Happy man! with such a treasure laid up in Paradise! In few things, as we shall look upon his future happiness in heaven, will there probably be seen more to covet. As often as I see the Dresden Madonna, I turn from her instinctively to gaze at those two listening cherubs at the foot of the picture, leaning, one of them, his cheek upon his hand, and the other his face upon his arm. So those two little children of this father, I love to fancy, come here when their father preaches, and leaning upon the edge of the table that stands in front of the pulpit, and looking up into his face, take from his lips lessons in human redemption from a human view, to be related among the harpers harping with their harps.

His book on "The Mercy Seat," or "Guide to Prayer," and all his other publications of a miscellaneous nature, combine with the character of his preaching and his manner of life, to make those well known lines of Dryden appropriate to him in the thoughts of many:

"A parish priest was of the pilgrim train,
A holy, reverend, and judicious man.
He bore his great commission in his look,
But sweetly tempered awe, and softened all he spoke.
He preached the joys of heaven, and pains of hell,
And warned the sinner with becoming zeal,
But on eternal mercy loved to dwell."

Twenty-five years ago this evening, as the Chairman has intimated, I gave him the right hand of fellowship in the name of the ordaining council. I was an entire stranger to him, never having seen him before I met him in the council. But I remember how deeply I felt drawn toward him by a strong attraction, which I now more than suspect was a yearning of affinity. For twenty-five years I have loved him. I have found him a true friend; we have seen eye to eye in all things essential, and if in anything not essential we have differed (of which I am not aware), it has been only as by that seeming fiction in optics they say that two beholders, however near together, do not see the same rainbow. Some right hands are palsied and withered by time and its changes, but this right hand to-night is the same as at first. Here it is, my brother, once more. In the name of the ordaining council, most of whom are before the throne of God and of the Lamb, do I give it to you again. Well have you merited their fellowship and secured their imperishable love. I give it to you also, with the growth of a quarter of a century in its personal affection, showing by its large increase what it is yet destined to be. I have come simply to add this right hand to the salutations and benedictions of this happy occasion. It is well said that a Christian will never see his best days, meaning, of course, as we understand it, that better days than he will have seen will ever be waiting for him. Happy and useful as you have been, it needs no spirit of prophecy, but only our present knowledge of what you are, to say, though indeed the wish is father to the thought, that if God spares your health you have not seen the best days of your ministry. In the woods the other day I marked how the winter-green seeks the beds of moss, and

fills the moss with its enameled leaves. So, as the moss gathers about you, the young as well as others will continue to find in all you say and do beautiful things, a pleasure and a joy to them, and emblems and pledges of perennial beauty through the remaining summer, and the autumn and winter of your days; after which, we are sure, the spring-time of heaven will disclose to us that your leaf did not wither, and that whatsoever you did prospered.

Then, dear brother, our Elder Brother, whom we both love and serve, will grant that we, before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, will find in his love to us and in our love to Him, the nourishment and strength of our undying affection as they have already been of our earthly love.

The Chairman then stated —

In the years 1854–5, our pastor was absent fifteen months, while associated with Dr. Anderson as a deputation to visit the Missions of the American Board in India. We shall be happy to listen to Dr. Anderson.

DR. ANDERSON'S ADDRESS.

In the division among the speakers, the subject of Foreign Missions, in their relation to the pastor, naturally devolves on me.

Dr. Thompson's native place was Goshen, in Litchfield County, Connecticut. Now Litchfield County is noted for having taken the lead in the foreign missionary spirit, somewhat more than fifty years ago. I believe it was here, that the first Foreign Missionary Society was formed auxiliary to the American Board. And of all the towns in that county, Goshen made the largest donations for foreign missions, in proportion to its property and population. The Rev. Asahel

Hooker, one of the most useful of our divines in the last age, and father of the now venerable man who opened the devotions of the past evening, and of a worthy sister present, was pastor of the church in Goshen; and there the first missionaries to the Sandwich Islands were ordained, in the year 1819, — an event within the recollection of the pastor.

I have also seen it stated, that Dea. Augustus Thompson, the honored father of our pastor, gave the largest donations to the missionary cause of all the people of Goshen.

Dr. Thompson seems, therefore, to have come *honestly* (as we say), by the interest in foreign missions, for which he has been distinguished since he came among us. And it was the possession of this missionary spirit, which led to his being appointed, in 1849, a member of the Prudential Committee of the American Board; and, also, to his being requested, in 1854, to accompany the Foreign Secretary of the Board, on a visit to the missions in India.

That visit to India must always form an epoch in Dr. Thompson's life. It was about midway of the period now under review. In the then unformed state of public opinion in our churches, as to the sacrifices which churches might properly be called on to make in the prosecution of missions for the world's conversion, that was a bold request. But we knew the pastor, and we knew the people. They gave to the request a most magnanimous response. They assented to his being gone a year, they continuing to pay his salary; but the American Board of course, supplying the pulpit. They thus, at the time, rendered a valuable service to the missionary cause; and they set an example to other churches, for which there will be more need in the future, than there has been heretofore. The year Dr. Thompson spent among our mis-

sions in India is, in my opinion, the most useful of the twenty-five, unless we except those of revivals among his people. Yet it was to Dr. Thompson both a labor and a sacrifice; and it was a sacrifice to the people of his church and society; though I believe they would hardly say that they lost anything by it.

I take a somewhat different view of Dr. Thompson's connection with the Prudential Committee. He has attended at least seven hundred meetings; but I look upon this service as all a privilege — an advantage to him, and, through him, to his people. To come on the Tuesday afternoon of every week, for an hour or two, into the most intimate converse with the interior working of the great foreign missionary enterprise, must needs enlarge the breadth of the mind, and add strength to the spirit. While it in no degree weakens the sense of pastoral responsibility, it must make the pastor feel, who is worthy of the office, that he is *more than a pastor;* that he is really a *successor to the Apostles;* and should live, and make his people live, for the *conversion of the world.*

I have seen this forming influence on our worthy pastor, and on his ministry; and can hardly doubt, that there has been ample compensation, in the advantage derived from his seven hundred sittings at the committee table, both for himself and his people, for all the labor and sacrifice involved in the visit to India. But I will not insist upon that. I only know that somehow, through the grace of God, we have a large-hearted missionary pastor; and my wish and prayer is, that every church may have such an one.

Mr. Huntington read a few sentences of a letter just

received from Rev. Mr. Webb, late of the Madura Mission in Southern India; and then called upon Rev. Isaac G. Bliss, of Constantinople, for remarks.

LETTER OF MR. WEBB.

"How very much I should enjoy the pleasure of being present. It would have been a comfort and satisfaction to have given you on that occasion a loving hand, in the name of the dear brethren in India who so highly esteem and love you. I know well how they regard you — for we had not ceased to speak affectionately of you up to the time when I left them to return to this country.

"So now, dear brother Thompson, I feel authorized to say your Madura brethren would most cordially greet you; they would congratulate you to-day, and your much favored people. They would join heart and voice with yours in praises to the gracious Lord who has spared you through all these years, has enabled you to be faithful, and has signally blessed your labors.

"When you visited us *half* 'a quarter century ago,' you brought us Christian salutations and a letter of affectionate greeting from the dear Eliot Church, and you took with you on your return the hearty response of the churches of our Madura Mission. Now if I know the heart of my beloved native brethren (and I think I do), they would desire on this happy occasion again to send across the ocean their best love and heartiest congratulations to that honored church.

"Brother, you may safely assure your dear people, that there are more than a thousand Christians in India who will be glad when they know I have sent this message in their name."

ADDRESS BY MR. BLISS.

In March, 1864, I met the pastor of this church in Jerusalem. We were making up a party for a rapid journey through Syria to Beyroot. Dr. Thompson proposed to join us. He looked at the time very feeble, and seemed so like a most delicate constructed casket, liable to injury on a journey in which we proposed to rough it, that we almost feared to have him undertake it with us. Our estimate of his strength, however, was not at all correct. The good Doctor endured the journey marvellously well, — as well as those of us who were much stronger. Moreover, he did more than all others to make the journey a very pleasant one; now relating a racy anecdote, and now ready with a quick repartee. His sweet hymns, too, and apt scriptural quotations, his kind words and wise counsels, we shall not soon forget. As for long years he has been a helper to the joy of this people, so was he a helper to our joy as we journeyed together over the hills and plains of Judea. And when we came to the mission circles, and were together in mission meetings, we were also greatly indebted to this good brother for much that made our intercourse and meetings exceedingly profitable. He helped us in solving troublesome questions of policy and duty, and led us to a higher appreciation of our work, and a fuller confidence in the Master of the enterprise. It is not too much to say that this church made no small contribution to the work in Turkey when they allowed their pastor to visit us in our Oriental homes. He stirred our enthusiasm, warmed our hearts, strengthened our faith, and made us love our work more, and we were sorry when the hour came for him to leave us. The same truths which he has so success-

fully taught to this people, we are seeking to make known to the inhabitants of that far off land, and great is the success which God is pleased to give to our missionary friends in their toil. There is a hungering for the word of life. Men are calling loudly for a return to the Bible, and fasten their moorings to that rock. We believe that the work the gospel is doing in Turkey will go on until it has permeated all the districts thereof. If, in their efforts to settle the Eastern question, the foreign powers will continue their intrigues and rival diplomacies, and allow us to press the Bible and mission work, a very few years will enable us at the present rate to carry it very far toward completion, and when this is done, the walls will fall, and the rubbish of despotism will be cleared away, and institutions be revealed such as the Orient has never seen. But whatever shall become of the great civil and ecclesiastical organizations of Turkey, — whether the mighty colossus of Islamitic empire shall crumble to its fall, or be dashed suddenly to pieces, or, by degrees, remodeled — of this one thing this church, and all other churches interested in that great work of evangelism, may rest assured, that the work will not cease; no revolution shall stay it; no king from the north or from the south shall put a stop to its glorious agencies. The Orient shall yet again be all radiant with gospel blessings.

Rev. Abbott E. Kittredge, pastor of the Eleventh Presbyterian Church, in New York City, one of the ten from this congregation who have entered the ministry, next addressed the assembly.

An equal number of daughters of the congregation have been united in marriage to ministers of the gospel;

one of them to Rev. E. E. Strong, of Waltham, who spoke as follows: —

MR. STRONG'S ADDRESS.

How can I respond fittingly for the daughters of this congregation? Many of them are of age, and are well able to speak for themselves. And, moreover, I labor under the disadvantage of knowing that these daughters have not chosen me to speak for them. But they are so widely scattered that, I suppose, they could not make known their wishes, and so some one has committed the error of asking me to respond in their name. It is a great company, sir, which is embraced under the term, daughters of the Eliot congregation. Many of them are within this house, but by far the larger portion, as I judge, are not here. They are scattered over almost the whole world. I cannot tell exactly where they are or where they are not, but I chance to know of eleven who have married ministers of the gospel. Perhaps they may be taken as representatives of the rest. Two of these are in Maine; four of them in Massachusetts; one is in Connecticut; one in Washington. Two of them who were daughters of missionaries have returned, one to India, the other to the Sandwich Islands, as wives of missionaries; while still another has gone with her partner to a third portion of the great missionary field. So have they and the other daughters of this congregation been scattered over the world. Hundreds of them cannot be here to-night. There is a great number of them too, who are no more on the earth. Some nine years ago, at a time when it was my privilege to call you, sir, my pastor, I remember you stated, at a funeral service in this house, that the one who was then buried was the

thirtieth (I think it was the thirtieth) young female member of your congregation who had died during your pastorate, and all of them, without exception, had died with a hope in Christ. That number has doubtless been greatly increased within these succeeding nine years. These cannot be here save in the spirit. They are not, for God has taken them. They have not only learned about but they have gone unto "the better land."

But the daughters of the congregation who are living — far or near — what shall be said for them on this happy occasion? It is not for me to speak *of* them, though, if I might follow an old phrase, "*ab uno disce omnes*," I could bring a good report. But I am sure that if the voices of these daughters of the Eliot Church could be borne hither to-night, there would be heard from India, from the Pacific Isles, from the South, from the West, from all parts of New England, as well as from this city and this audience, words of congratulation and thanks to their loved and revered pastor. Though many of them now worship in other sanctuaries than this, yet the influence of this pulpit and of him who has filled it so well, they have not yet ceased to feel. In the homes where they dwell the truths here learned are still bearing their blessed fruits. I well remember (I certainly ought to) a marriage service celebrated a little more than ten years ago by him whom I will still call our pastor. I remember how he read to the bride a few verses of Holy Writ applicable to one in her position, and asked her to give her solemn pledge that she would make the Word of God the guide and light of her home. I am sure that pledge has not been forgotten, and I am almost equally sure that hundreds of the daughters of this congregation would gladly

bear witness that their homes have been made most happy, because, through the teachings and exhortations of this pastor, they were led to establish their homes on Christ's principles, with the Bible as their guide. I have been thinking that the great results of this pastorate of twenty-five years, are not seen in the outward growth of the church or congregation, or in its missionary operations, or in the number of young men who have been here led to enter upon the ministry of the gospel. No, not in these directions must we look for the chief results of this, or of any prolonged pastorate. It is in the hundreds of homes in which, through the labors of Christ's minister, the silent but blessed influences of the gospel have been made to prevail. Sir Christopher Wren lies buried in the midst of St. Paul's Cathedral, his greatest architectural work, and the simple slab above his remains says, "If you seek his monument, look around you." If any one seeks a monument of this pastorate, let it be said to him, Look not at these well-filled pews, look not at the sons of the congregation bearing the sacred office, or in the learned professions, or in the counting-room, but look around you, — yea, look afar into Christian homes — homes made happy by the presence of mothers, and wives, and daughters, who have been taught of, and led to, or built up in Christ through the influences of this pastorate. And coming from these homes, the daughters of the congregation, many of them now wives and mothers, would, I am sure, gladly express their joy on this occasion, and acknowledge their obligation to their pastor for all his words of counsel and of love. They thank you, sir, and thank Him who sent you to be their minister. Long may you remain here, and, ere your sun shall go down, may many more sons and daughters of the Eliot congregation rise up, as we do to-night, and call you blessed.

The Chairman followed : —

" The Pastor." There are many beautiful words in our language, but there are some of peculiar interest, and which can never be spoken without exciting unusual pleasure and tenderness. " Home " is one of these, and so is " pastor." Our beloved pastor! with how many important and eventful hours in our life's history is his name and influence associated! Almost — quite, with some of us — from the cradle to the grave, his presence attends our steps, to consecrate us in baptism, to unite us in marriage, to welcome us into the church, to smooth our last pillow ; all along to counsel, guide, cheer, and soothe us ; such are his endearing and sacred offices. While our hearts all unite in silently saying, " God bless our beloved pastor," we will now listen to some words from him.

REMARKS BY THE PASTOR.

I DO not know why it is, but any occasion of tenderness or of joy is very apt to make me think of my departed mother. I now remember that she used to sing —

" When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

She may be singing the same to-night. Her youngest son unites with her.

This occasion is a testimonial to the grace of God — his grace to people and pastor. We set up, here between Mizpeh and Shen, our stone of remembrance in honor of Him, " who was with the church in the wilderness." Neighboring churches and pastors kindly lend a hand, and stop a moment to look at our inscription. " Hitherto hath the Lord helped us ! "

Neighboring churches: why, the morning after my ordination, the first token of thoughtful kindness received was in the form of a friendly note, with a parcel of books, from one greatly given to such things, a member of the Old South Church, Boston.[1] Choice men, rare Christian men were such as Dea. Kimball and Dea. Scudder, who, for a time, worshipped with us. Of the sixteen delegates present on the Council in July 1842, only six survive.

Neighboring pastors: what a father was Dr. Codman! how well has his mantle been worn where it fell! Hallowed associations come up as one thinks of brother Humphrey, brother Lord, brother Rogers, brother Albro; and as we think of more than one living David, with whom a Jonathan has communed and wept, "For he loveth him as he loveth his own soul." Of the eight pastors on the Council twenty-five years ago, only two survive, and the one of them still in office has spoken this evening.

Officers of this church: "The brethren chose Stephen, a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and Philip, and Prochorus, and Nicanor, and Timon, and Parmenas, and Nicolas." Dearly beloved men — one of them already in heaven. At sunrise this morning it seemed not improbable another of them might be there before the present hour. "Behold, he whom thou lovest is sick!"

I learn from the one who has been a deacon of this church since its organization, that a good while ago there was a twin birth here; it occurred of a Sabbath-day. One of the two who then saw the light was our Eliot Sabbath-school; the other was Abbott Eliot Kittredge, whose father had charge of the other child also, the Sabbath-school, till it had more than attained majority, just twenty-five years.

[1] Samuel H. Walley.

Treasurers of the society: a remarkable set of men, they. In every instance, during this long period, my salary, due in quarterly installments, has been paid as early at least as the first day that it is due; often before breakfast. At present the pew proprietors have a man in that office who pays the evening previous; and if a holiday precedes, he comes two days before.

Sons of the congregation: one of them, a lad, years ago, wrought a beautiful book-mark, and handed it to me as a Christmas present. It has been used ever since in our family Bible to keep the place of morning readings. If there were any danger of my forgetting the youths and young men, that memento would forbid. The motto is, "My cup runneth over."

Daughters of the congregation: almost twenty-five years ago, one of them wrought a book-mark, which has since been travelling through and through our family Bible at evening worship. Its motto is, *Serus in cœlum redeas.* A telegram has just been handed me. It is from the father of that young lady, and is dated,

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 22, 1867.

To Rev. A. C. Thompson and friends assembled with him. An aged brother, standing on 'Jordan's stormy banks,' sends Christian salutations and warmest love.

JOHN GULLIVER."

Christ's missionaries, living and deceased: this church and pastor love them. I have to-day received an affectionate letter from one of them, and by that letter am reminded that a few years since, while visiting the cemetery at Northampton, I was trying to find the grave of David Brainerd. Two gentlemen drove along at a little distance, and I hailed them

with an inquiry about the place where that godly man was buried. The answer which I received was on this wise : one of the two, leaping from the buggy, and clasping his arms about my neck, exclaimed, " Why, brother Thompson ! " It was the Rev. Mr. Lord, whom at the first moment I did not recognize as a dear missionary friend from Ceylon, where we had taken sweet counsel together. He has just arrived from India, with health again broken down, and with only strength to write the letter referred to. He as well as this brother from Constantinople, and many a missionary brother, belongs to a class who are very much given to stealing Christian men's hearts.

This anniversary is a monument to the ministry more than to the minister. Our community has always known how to distinguish between an office and the incumbent. Admirable tact has lately been shown in honoring a position which is honorable, whatever the qualities of the one occupying it.

On this joyful occasion three parties are chiefly interested, the pastor, the church, and, infinitely above all, the Head of the Church. He, too, has been invited to be present. Our last prayer-meeting was set apart to making out a special invitation. He has not yet been invited to speak. Mr. Chairman, and beloved friends, shall we not listen to him? " Then at evening came Jesus, and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you." He stretches forth his hand toward his disciples, and saith, " Behold my mother and my brethren ! " " What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch." " Lo, I am with you alway."

So far as any good has been accomplished through the pastor of this church, it is only because he has had more than a colleague. I desire to bear witness to-night, — I can-

not refrain from bearing witness to the faithfulness of the Great Shepherd and Bishop of souls. I do not recollect ever to have opened that door from the preacher's room behind this sacred desk, without having first repeated in our Saviour's ear his own last promise, "Lo, I am with you," — without having asked him to make good those precious words. He has not failed. There is none but an honorable testimony to be borne concerning him. It is of small account what may be said about any one else, or be said by any one else; enough that He has given such a pledge, and is faithful to the same. If there has been anything valuable in pulpit or other ministerial labors here, it is due entirely to the grace of Him who hath said, "Lo, I am with you alway." "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and thy truth's sake!"

I must ask you, my friends, to unite once more in singing the last stanza of a hymn already sung this evening, and let us alter it thus: —

"Well, the delightful day will come,
When *our* dear Lord will take *us* home,
And *we* shall see his face;
Then with *our* Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity *we'll* spend
Triumphant in his grace."

CONCLUSION.

After singing the Doxology, the Chairman remarked:

During the temporary absence of our pastor, already alluded to, in the service of the American Board, his place among us was supplied by one who is here to-night, deeply sympathizing in the services of this occasion; one who faith-

fully cared for our souls, and sought to advance the highest interests of this people; one in answer, I doubt not, to whose earnest prayers, and because, among other means, of whose fidelity, the blessing of God has rested upon this church and congregation. I refer to the Rev. E. W. Hooker, D. D., now of Nashua, N. H., who will pronounce

The Benediction.